

THE CRITIC:

A Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

VOL. XVII.—No. 417.

JULY 3, 1858.

Price 4d.; stamped 5d.

HEVERSHAM GRAMMAR-SCHOOL,
near Milnthorpe, Westmorland.
Head Master.—Rev. J. H. Sharpley, M.A., formerly Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Boarders are received and prepared either for the Universities or Commerce, at 30s., 35s., or 40s. per annum, according to age. Seven Exhibitions of different values, from about 50s. to 100s. a year, are connected with this School, and open to all pupils.

REOPENS JULY 26th, 1858.

EDUCATION in PARIS.—Mlle. DE CORNET (who resided six years with the late Mrs. Bray) and her Sisters RECEIVE a limited number of SELECT PUPILS and PARLOUR BOARDERS. Mlle. De Cornet will be in London from June 28 until July 10, and may be seen between 2 and 5 o'clock at No. 22, Orchard-street, Portman-square. References permitted to the Rev. Dr. Emerson, Principal of Haverhill College, Hanwell, and to Mr. Alfred Du Val, Director of the Parisian Educational Institution for Young Ladies, 4, Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, who will forward a Prospectus on application.

LEICESTER COLLEGIATE SCHOOL,
with SPECIAL ADVANTAGES for the SONS of CLERGYMEN.

Vice-Presidents:

The Right Hon. the Earl Howe.
The Right Hon. Viscount Maynard.

Visitor:

The Right Rev. the Bishop of the Diocese.

Examiners:

The Rev. E. T. Vaughan, Vicar of St. Martin's.
The Rev. T. Jones, Vicar of St. Margaret's.

Head Master.—The Rev. A. Hill, M.A.

Second Master.—The Rev. F. J. F. Gantillon, M.A.

Third Master.—The Rev. H. D. Millet, B.A.

French Master.—Mons. Caillard.

German Master.—Herr Schneider.

Lecturer on Chemistry.—Dr. Bernays.

The course of instruction comprises a sound English education; the Greek, Latin, and Modern Languages, Composition, History, and Mathematics.

There are two Exhibitions of 25s. each, tenable at either University.

Terms for Boarders in the Head Master's House, Forty Guineas per annum. Sons of Clergymen, if received under twelve years of age, Thirty Guineas; above twelve, Thirty-five Guineas per annum.

The School is healthy and pleasantly situated at a short distance from the town.

Prospectuses, with copies of the Reports of the Examiners, may be had on application to the Head Master.

MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE,
in connexion with the University of London, and University College, London.
UNIVERSITY HALL, GORDON-SQUARE, LONDON.

Professors.

Rev. JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A., Principal and Professor of Biblical and Historical Theology, with the Truths and Evidences of Christianity.

Rev. JAMES MARTINEAU, Professor of Mental, Moral, and Religious Philosophy.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, Esq., M.A., Lecturer on the Hebrew Language and Literature.

SCHEME OF STUDIES.

The entire course of a student embraces six years, viz., three Undergraduate, succeeded by three Theological years.

The proficiency of every student in the subjects on which he has attended classes, either in University College or in Manchester New College, is periodically tested by examinations, held by the Professors, or other Examiners, appointed by the Committee of the last-named College, at the end of every term, and a Public Examination at the close of the Session.

UNDERGRADUATE PERIOD.

During this period the student is chiefly engaged in the classes of University College, in Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, or Natural Philosophy. If he be on the Foundation, Manchester New College defrays the fees for these three courses; but does not encourage him to disperse his attention over more. Should he intend to graduate, he is expected to matriculate in the University of London, not later than the end of his first year; and to take the degree of B.A. by the end of the third, so as to bring an undivided interest to the studies of his Theological Period.

The discipline of this preparatory period is mainly subsidiary to the classes of University College, and to the examination, in prospect, for Matriculation and Graduation.

THEOLOGICAL PERIOD.

The College, now mainly a Theological Institution, adheres to its original principle of freely imparting theological knowledge, without insisting on the adoption of particular theological doctrines.

Should any student wish, during his Theological years, to attend any of the general classes of University College, he may do so with the sanction of the Principal, but at his own cost.

THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL COURSE.

- (a) Christian Truths and Evidences.
- (b) Christian Institutions—Practical and Pastoral Theology.
- (c) Ecclesiastical History. To Gregory VII.
- (d) Old Testament, Hebrew History and Antiquities. History of Hebrew Canon, and of the Septuagint Version. Historical Books. "The Law." "The Prophets." Critical Examination of Messianic Passages; Systematic reading of the Septuagint.
- (e) Hebrew Language and Literature—Systematic, philological, and literary training; reading and lectures.
- (f) New Testament.—Introduction to Criticism and Interpretation. Three First Gospels.—The Epistles and Acts of the Apostles—and the writings of John (Gospel, Epistles, Apocalypse)—with special introduction to each of these three sections.
- (g) Weekly Exercises in Elocution and Composition.

PHILOSOPHICAL COURSE.

- (a) Intellectual Philosophy.
 - (b) Moral Philosophy.
 - (c) Religious Philosophy.
 - (d) History of Christian Doctrine.
 - (e) Regular Greek and Latin Reading.
- The College Session commences on the first Friday in October. The Classes are open to the public on payment of the regular fees. Candidates for admission on the Foundation are requested to send in their applications and certificates, with as little delay as practicable, to either of the Secretaries, from whom further particulars may be obtained.
- R. D. DARBYSHIRE, 21, Brown-street, Manchester, } Secs.
CHARLES BEARD, Gee-croft, near Manchester, }
- Manchester, May, 1858.

LADIES' SEMINARY. — TOWNLEY HOUSE, OUNDLE.—The Misses TODD beg to announce to their friends and the public that they have VACANCIES for Additional Boarders and Two Artificed Pupils.—The duties of the school will recommence on Friday, July 30th.

MILL-HILL SCHOOL, Hendon, Middlesex.—An ASSISTANT MASTER in the Department of MATHEMATICS, &c., will be required after Mid-summer. He must be competent to teach all the higher branches of the Calculus, and to give instruction in the Natural Sciences.—Applications, with testimonials, to be sent to the Head Master.

PRIVATE TUITION. — A Clergyman, M.A., residing between Harrow and London, thoroughly EDUCATES SIX PUPILS in Greek, Latin, Modern Languages, and Mathematics. Age from 8 to 14. A Pupil has just attained high distinction.

Address "M.A.," Oxon, Post-office, Kensal-green, Harrow-road.

THE MIDLAND SCHOOL, near Coventry, for Gentlemen from eight to eighteen years of age. Christian government; the most approved methods of Education; French and German by accomplished native, resident Masters. The Academic Course adapted to the Oxford Examinations, and Matriculation at the London University.—For papers apply to Mr. WILKS.

ARCHDEACON JOHNSON'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Oakham, Rutland. Head Master, Rev. W. S. Wood, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. The new buildings will be ready for the reception of boarders on Wednesday, August 18th. Twelve open exhibitions of 40s. per annum each, and other University advantages, are attached to this school. For further particulars apply to the Head Master.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE INSTITUTION for LADIES,
Tufnell Park, Camden-road, London.

The HALF-TERM commences with the month of June, and will continue till August, when is the Summer Vacation of six weeks.

Fee for Boarders in Upper School, 50 Guineas; in Middle School, 35 Guineas; in Elementary School, 25 Guineas per annum.

Governess-Students, received at a Fee of 50 Guineas for two years, are granted Certificates, and have situations procured. For Syllabuses of the Courses of Lectures, and Prospectuses with List of Rev. Patrons and Lady-Patronesses, and staff of Professors and Masters, address Mrs. MORRIS, Lady-Principal, at the College.

EWELL COLLEGE, near EPSOM, SURREY.

Patrons and Referees.

The Lord Bishop of OXFORD.

The Lord Bishop of LICHFIELD.

The Lord Bishop of LINCOLN.

Principal—W. KNIGHTON, LL.D., M.R.A.S., &c.

Efficient preparation for the Universities, the Army and Navy, the English and Indian Civil Service Examinations, and for Commercial life, will be found in Ewell College. The situation is one of unrivalled salubrity; athletic games are encouraged, and systematic drilling is imperative on all. French is invariably spoken at meals, and German is taught by a resident professor.

School Department, 40 to 60 Guineas per annum. College Department, 70 to 100. No extras.

For Particulars, Report, &c., address the Principal.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the FUNDS of the GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 31st of August, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of September next. President, the Right Hon. the Earl of Dartmouth.

"Omne tult punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci."

BEAUTIFUL FORM, Artistic Work-
manship, Moderate Charges.

GOODWIN, Designer and Manufacturer of Table Glass,

33, Princess-street, Soho, London, W.

Artists' own suggestions carried out free of cost.

ORNAMENTS for the DRAWING-ROOM,
LIBRARY, &c.—An extensive assortment of ALABASTER, MARBLE, BRONZE, and DERBYSHIRE SPAR ORNAMENTS, Manufactured and Imported by J. TENNANT, 149, Strand, London.

GEOLOGY and MINERALOGY.—Elementary COLLECTIONS, to facilitate the study of this interesting Science, can be had from Two Guineas to One Hundred, also Single Specimens, of J. TENNANT, 149, Strand, London.

Mr. Tennant gives Private Instruction in Mineralogy and Geology.

PIANOFORTES, from 16 Guineas each
(Priestley's Patent); full compass, in mahogany case, combining all the qualities of the most costly piano. Warranted of the very best materials and workmanship. Hire from 12s. per month.—F. PRIESTLEY, Inventor, Patentee and sole Manufacturer, 15, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

WHEATSTONE'S HARMONIUMS, in solid Cases, manufactured by them expressly for Churches, Chapels, Schools, &c., have the full compass of keys, are of the best quality of tone, best workmanship and material, and do not require tuning.

With 1 stop, oak case 10

With 1 stop, polished mahogany, or figured oak case 12

With 3 stops, organ tones, large size, oak case 15

With 5 stops ditto 22

With 8 stops ditto 24

With 10 stops ditto 30

The tones of the latter can be produced either softer or louder than other Harmoniums that cost double the price of this. Prize Medalist, 1851. An extensive assortment of French Harmoniums, with all the latest improvements, from the schoolroom Harmonium to the sixty-guinea one for the drawing-room.—WHEATSTONE and Co., 30, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BANKING COMPANY.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1847.—Letters of Credit and Bills are granted upon the Banks at Adelaide, Port Adelaide, and Gawler. Approved Drafts on South Australia negotiated and sent for collection. Every description of banking business is conducted direct with Victoria and New South Wales, and also with the other Australian Colonies, through the company's agents.—Apply at 54, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

WILLIAM PURDY, Manager.

THE LIVERPOOL and LONDON FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1836. Invested Funds, ONE MILLION STERLING.

Life Insurance in all its branches. The sum insured by Policies issued in 1857 was 302,000l.; the Premiums thereon, 16,215l. 15s. 6d.; the total revenue from Premiums, 110,900l. In addition to the foregoing 26,000l. 17s. 7d. was received in purchase of Annuities. The income of the Company is now upwards of 450,000l. a year.

Prospectuses may be had on application, and attention is especially invited to the system of Guaranteed Bonuses.

THE PEOPLE'S PROVIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY. Chief Office: 2, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London, S.W.

CAPITAL, HALF A MILLION STERLING.

Trustees:

George Alexander Hamilton, Esq., M.P. for Dublin University, Chairman. Joshua Proctor Brown West-Esq., M.P. Richard Spooner, Esq., M.P.

Board of Directors:
George Alexander Hamilton, Esq., M.P. for Dublin University, Chairman.

John Cheetham, Esq., M.P. for South Lancashire.

James Davidson, Esq., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

John Field, Esq., Warford-cl., and Dordene, Tunbridge Wells.

Charles Forster, Esq., M.P. for Walsall.

Richard Francis George, Esq., Bath.

Thos. C. Hayward, Esq., Minorities and Highbury.

J. Hedgins, Esq., Thayer-street, Manchester-square.

Chas. Hindley, Esq., M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne.

T. Y. M'Christie, Esq., Great James-street.

James Edward McConnell, Esq., Wolverton.

John Moss, Esq., Reform Club and Derby.

Charles William Reynolds, Esq., 2, Eaton-place, Pimlico.

Richard Spooner, Esq., M.P. for North Warwickshire.

H. Wickham Wickham, Esq., M.P. for Bradford.

Thomas Winkworth, Esq., Gresham Club and Canonbury.

The President, Trustees, and Directors are all Shareholders in the Society.

This Society possesses a revenue from Premiums exceeding Seventy Thousand Pounds per annum.

Life Assurance and Fidelity Guarantee, Deferred Annuities, and Endowments granted on favourable terms.

Immediate Annuities, payable during the whole of life, may be purchased on the following scale:—

Annuities granted at the undermentioned Ages for every 100l. of Purchase-money.

Ages	50	60	70
Annuity	£8 5s. 7d.	£10 11s. 7d.	£15 4s. 11d.

Lists of Shareholders, Prospectuses, and Agency appointments may be obtained, on application to W. CLELAND, Manager and Secretary.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.

BANK OF DEPOSIT.—No. 3, Pall Mall
East, London, S.W.—The Warrants for the Half-yearly Interest on Deposit Accounts, to the 30th instant, will be ready for delivery on and after the 19th proximo, and payable daily between the hours of 10 and 4. The present rate of Interest is 5 per cent. per annum.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

22nd June, 1858.

Prospectuses and forms sent free on application.

LAKE WINDERMERE HYDRO-PATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, WESTMORELAND.
Proprietor.—E. L. HUDSON, M.R.C.S.

Prospectuses may be had on application to the Surgeon of the House.

WATER your GARDENS and MANURE
your LANDS with GUTTA PERCHA or INDIA RUBBER TUBING. Half-inch gutta percha tubing, for gardens, medium 4d., stout 4½d. per foot. Brass hand branch, stopcock, and rose, 5s. 6d.—Apply for illustrated price lists to JAMES SHEATH and Co., PATENT GUTTA PERCHA and INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, 35, Old-street-road, E.C.

FLOWER STANDS.

SUSPENDING FLOWER BASKETS
and WIRE WORK of every description, useful or ornamental, for Conservatory, Greenhouse, Garden, &c. Superior Birdcages. Window Blinds of all sorts.

W. RICHARDS, Improved Wire Works, 370, Oxford-street, opposite Princess's Theatre.

BLOOMSBURY STAINED GLASS
WORKS, 34, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

ALEXANDER GIBBS and COMPANY, Practical Artists in Stained Glass and Ecclesiastical Decorators, invite the attention of the nobility, clergy, architects, &c., to the facilities afforded by their long practical experience in every branch connected with the above art, and respectfully solicit the favour of a personal visit to their show-rooms, to inspect their large and varied collection of Cartoons and Water-Colour Designs for Church and Domestic Windows.

Designs and estimates forwarded, on application, to all parts of the kingdom.

IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.

J. F. HOPE, 16, Great Marlborough-street,
London, by his new publishing arrangements, charges no Commission for Publishing Books. Printed by him until the Author has been repaid his original outlay. And as all works entrusted to his care are printed in the very best style, and at prices far below the usual charges. Authors about to publish will find it much to their advantage to apply to him.

Specimens, Estimates, and all particulars forwarded by return of Post.

TO OUR READERS.

Owing to press of matter, the article on Cardinal Mezzofanti stands over till next week.

THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

THE majority of those who will read the current number of "The Virginians" (a novel in parts, by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, Esq.) will be sorely puzzled to understand the drift of a certain curious passage which they will light upon somewhere about the middle of page 274. Thus it runs:—

Women will be pleased with these remarks, because they have such a taste for humour and understand irony: and I should not be surprised if young Grubstreet, who corresponds with three penny papers and describes the persons and conversations of gentlemen whom he meets at his "clubs," will say, &c. Who on earth is "YOUNG GRUBSTREET?" many will ask. Somebody clearly, for the allusion is too direct to be aimed at an indefinite person. Moreover, it must be somebody with whom Mr. THACKERAY is very angry, for in the allusion he has even forgotten to be humorous. Finally, it is plain that "GRUBSTREET" must be an important person; for Mr. THACKERAY, the great author of "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," and other notable works of art, would never have paid a literary fly, an insect that lives by blowing upon fresh reputations, the compliment of enshrining it in the amber of "The Virginians." Compensating the puzzled state of the readers of "The Virginians," we shall proceed to expound the riddle, and at the same time to offer what appear to us a few necessary observations upon one or two little matters which are seemingly damaging the dignity of letters, and must in the end breed more contempt than respect.

But before we give the solution to the great Virginian riddle, we must be allowed to introduce another, because the same key unlocks both. The readers of this week's *Punch* have for the most part not seen their way very clearly through the ensuing.

LIBERTIES OF THE PRESS.

(From the "Evening.")

Mr. Williams, the author of *Winifred Jones*, lives at Parson's Green. Before he had acquired his present celebrity he resided in the New Cut, where he occupied a two-pair back, and was frequently in arrears with his landlady. He eloped with Mrs. Williams, whose maiden name was Barker, and whose father was a tanner in Bernondsey. Old Barker cut up badly, disappointing Williams, who had been cherishing the delusion that he had married an heiress, and at the death of the tanner found himself sold.

The editor of the *Extinguisher* is William Green; he is often to be seen riding in Rotten Row, where he may be recognised by a large excrescence on his nose, and a cast in his eye. His father was transported for forging a bill of exchange. His staff of contributors consists of Mr. Paul Johnson, Mr. James Baxter, Mr. Algernon Adams, and Mr. Sidney Crow. They are each of them paid fifty guineas a week, except Johnson, who gets a hundred. He was an orphan, but received a first-rate education from his uncle, who is now a pauper in St. Pancras workhouse.

The popular novelist, Mr. Jenkinson, is about five feet ten or eleven in height; he is stout, has red hair, and green eyes, in one of which he sticks a glass. He receives a thousand pounds a month from his publishers. He has invested most of his literary earnings in Government Securities, but lately purchased a house for 10,000*l.*, and has a balance at his bankers amounting to 449*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* Mrs. Jenkinson is a plain woman, with a rather fine set of terro-metallic teeth. Mr. Jenkinson has three children, two girls and a boy. The former are scrofulous, and the latter is subject to epileptic fits. Jenkinson generally wears three shirts a week, and a clean collar every day; his usual dinner consists of a leg of mutton; but when once we dined at his table, he gave us soup and fish, and we understand that yesterday he had a fillet of veal.

Mr. Scout is a billiard marker, and not connected with the *Evening*, for the editor of which he was horsewhipped the other day by mistake.

This, it must be confessed, is rather funnier than Mr. THACKERAY's savage fling at GAUCH-

STREET; but it proceeds from the same source. GRUBSTREET, in fact, is a contributor to a periodical of recent birth, and which seems desirous of combining the humour of *Punch* with the licence of the defunct *Satirist*. It appears to consider that the right way to be entertaining is to be personal, and that the most refined amusement for intelligent readers is to tell them all the petty secrets of their neighbours. With GRUBSTREET, an author is not the creator of a certain set of ideas, which are either valuable or worthless to the world; but he is a creature of whom a market may be made by those who frequent the same club—of whom profit may be earned by describing the cut of his coat, the colour of his hair, and other trumpery matters which can have no sort of interest to any but his valet. Now, in the aforesaid periodical (which we have not named, nor intend to) GRUBSTREET published some short time back a lot of eavesdroppings about newspapers and periodicals, their editors and contributors. There was nothing very recondite in the disclosures, nothing that every man in journalistic circles is not perfectly acquainted with; but it seemed to us at the time that whilst the anonymous system is the etiquette of the press, the publication of such tittle-tattle must proceed from lack either of judgment or of knowledge as to what is due among gentlemen. If, indeed, there be any gross offence against the police of literature, when a known journalist shamelessly avails himself of the anonymous system to puff himself off (and we have known such cases), then indeed the rule of anonymity may be infringed, and the culprit led forth for punishment; yet even then it is a deviation from rule, which should be very jealously observed, and never resorted to except in cases of the plainest necessity. But to resume our tale. This article of GRUBSTREET's (which, be it observed, is the cause of Mr. *Punch*'s ire and sublime revenge) was quoted about the country papers, and so forth, and its author was from that led to believe that he had done a very great thing; whereupon he straightway announced his intention of giving every week a little more matter of the same kind; and it so happened that the first subject he selected for his analytical pen was Mr. THACKERAY. And so it came to pass that a sketch of Mr. THACKERAY appeared—a sketch which has filled us, as it must have done many others, with mingled amusement and astonishment. "Mr. THACKERAY," reports this chronicler, "is forty-six years old, though from the silvery whiteness of his hair he appears somewhat older. He is very tall, standing upwards of six feet two inches, and as he walks erect his height makes him conspicuous in every assembly. His face is bloodless, and not particularly expressive, but remarkable for the fracture of the bridge of the nose, the result of an accident in youth. He wears a small grey whisker, but otherwise is clean shaven. No one meeting him could fail to recognise in him a gentleman; his bearing is cold and uninviting; his style of conversation either openly cynical, or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched—but his appearance is invariably that of the cool, *suave*, well-bred gentleman, who, whatever may be ranking within, suffers no surface display of his emotion." Is it possible that this did not proceed from an American pen? Talk of the freedom with which a Yankee will seek a man's society to manufacture him into a marketable article—why, nothing that they have ever done in that way, not even N. P. WILLIS or the immortal WIKOFF, was ever half so great as this. Observe the care with which every detail is brought into the strongest

possible light. How refreshing it must be to be reminded, and that by your friend, that your "face is bloodless and not particularly expressive"—except, indeed, so far as the ugliness is concerned which arises from that "fracture of the bridge of the nose" which (it is apologetically observed) is "the result of an accident in youth"—lest haply a censorious world should attribute it to some other cause. But enough of this. Such skimbleskamble is disgusting in the extreme; like the waters of the Thames, we cannot dwell upon it long—it is degrading to literature and disgraceful to its author.

We are not surprised, therefore, that Mr. THACKERAY should be offended at it; but we are surprised at the manner in which he has chosen to resent it. Apart from the breach of every law of taste, which this introduction of a mean evanescent quarrel into a book intended to be standard most undoubtedly effects, has he not brought himself to the level of his assailant by bandying nick-names and hard words? We hear of a club, in which conviviality usually reigns supreme, being agitated to its centre by this trumpery feud. There is talk of expelling the offender, and so on. Softly, good MICHAEL ANGELO, you cannot eat your cake and have it too; you cannot pummel your enemy and then have him before the magistrate for assault. You have chosen your remedy, and it has been to do precisely what he has done. Let the matter rest there.

But there is another question, in which the public is concerned. How long are people to be pestered with these personal matters, in which no one out of the circle of private matters can have the least possible concern. Why cannot JONES write leaders for the *Thunderer* without SMITH of the *Penny Keyhole* telling the matter? Why cannot GRUBSTREET offend a great author without all the readers of that great author's great work being made confidants in the squabble? It is vanity that causes all this. Giving way to a species of folly which is the converse of that in which the traditional ostrich indulges, your literary man gets his head above the soil and imagines that all the world can see him, and that the business of mankind mainly consists in looking at him. This is the error into which Mr. DICKENS fell when he put forward that extraordinary document which, as we predicted, has affected every one with amazement, and has set all the old women in the land inquiring what dreadful things the aimable author of "Pickwick" has been doing. In the name of common sense, let us have no more of this back-stairs magging. If Mr. THACKERAY has a Paul Pry among his friends, why, cut him; and if he doesn't like being caricatured, let him remember what course old SAM JOHNSON took when he was told that FOOTE intended to mimic him. He went and bought a thick stick and sat in the front row of the pit. "Tell him," said he, "that if he dare take me off, I'll thrash him in the presence of the whole house." And the Doctor would have kept his word, if FOOTE had given him cause.

TOPICS have their seasons like fruits and diseases, and some there are which make their appearance in the London papers every year with the regularity of the potato rot or of Mr. BERKELEY's motion in favour of the Ballot. One of these is, the unwholesome condition of the Thames, and another the hotel nuisance. It is not our intention to say anything against the discussion of the former question, because it is really a topic of serious, even of terrible import to those who inhabit the Metropolis, and the discussion of it has this year been conducted with such liveliness and vigour that there is really a faint hope this time that something effectual will be done. The

other matter is also a nuisance; but the queerest feature about it is, that, although it is thoroughly ventilated every year, nothing seems possible to be done in the way of abating it. Everybody is told that there are hotels in existence at the West End of London, at Brighton, and elsewhere, where the policy of the management is to give the minimum of comfort for the maximum of cost, where vast sums are charged for spectral wax candles, and where the privilege of looking at a waiter forms a serious item in the bill. People know very well that there are plenty of capital houses where things are not so contrived, where the fair pennyworth may be got for the penny, and where comfort, cleanliness, and civility are found to be compatible with a reasonable bill; yet they won't go to these pleasant places, and they will go to where grandeur and discomfort must be paid for at the price of gold. It is very strange. It is like the horse-chaunting trick, which every one is aware of, but which every one is taken in by. Perhaps also it is as old HUDIBRAS says, that

The pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat

Why did Mr. GENT, on his passage through London, go to the Brunswick Hotel in Jermyn-street, except that he might pay that bill of nearly eight pounds for thirty-six hours of bad accommodation and in different entertainment? If we lived in a Hall down in Cambridgeshire, and were condemned to pass through London, should we ever trouble that "extensive establishment," which has the honour to own Mr. C. COX HUGHES for its proprietor? We know not. We seem to have heard—at least it is so engraved upon the tablets of our memory—that that same establishment is as "extensive" in its charges as in all other respects; that it (giving it an individuality) entertains exaggerated ideas as to the value of its services and its chops. We should have preferred seeking out some one of the many hundreds of cosy and cheaper hostels with which London abounds. But so it is. Except Mr. GENT had enjoyed the luxury of paying that bill, and writing that letter, and giving the text for that article which doubtless is to be written on the subject by the gentleman who treats social grievances in a comic manner for the columns of the *Times*, he would not have enjoyed all the privileges of a travelled Great Briton.

The only thing wanted to make the thing perfect has been supplied by Mr. COX HUGHES in his answer. The cool swagger with which he defends the charge of 3*l.* 3*s.* for thirty-six hours in a room; the cleverness with which he attempts to stretch the thirty-six into thirty-eight, and to swell one basin of arrowroot into two; the ready invention with which he asserts that the party left the rooms (now "tenanted with great satisfaction by a foreign ambassador") in a "beastly condition;" and the ingenious way in which he brings in the inuendo about the maid, are all perfect in their way. The *Times*, however, took, no doubt, the best means of setting the matter straight by publishing Mr. HUGHES's letter; for if, after perusing it, any other Cambridgeshire squire should suffer similar evils at a similar cost, and be abused into the bargain, he will have himself to thank for it.

M. DE LAMARTINE certainly possesses the art of begging with grace. We have already expressed our opinion of his claims, and shall not dwell upon the subject further. An extract from a letter written by the poet "to a distinguished literary correspondent" has appeared in the public prints, evidently with the intention of operating upon the public press through the medium of the public heart. Whether it will have the desired effect remains to be seen; but we, who have not hesitated to condemn the whole proceeding, think it right to give the object of the appeal the benefit both of translation and publication; and we subjoin it for just so much as it is worth, recommending it as a model of composition to the notice of those whose efforts in a similar line are commonly brought under the review of the officers of the Mendicity Society.

You have remembered too faithfully that maxim of noble hearts, "Flatter the unfortunate."

I am indeed very unfortunate—I seek to disguise it neither from myself nor from others. When a subscription of this kind is not a great honour, it is a great humiliation. I am well aware that humiliation is not shame, but it resembles it: it causes us to bend our heads in the face of men, if not in the face of God. Believe, I must have had reasons very binding, very sacred, very superior to those which

are attributed to me, if I do not withdraw my name from all this noise about an obolus.

France owes me nothing. I repeat it a hundred times: I have done nothing for her which many others have not done, each in his separate sphere, and which any one in my place would have done better than I. Yet I deceive myself. I have done something. I have loved her most fondly. I have loved her not only in her great national individuality, but in all her classes, and, if I may say so, in every individual who forms part of the great family of my country. If I had been told that the first or last of her citizens was about to be driven from his hearth, whether from a palace or a hut, through want of a million or a centime to rescue him from dispossession, I call heaven to witness, that that citizen would have received, with respectful emotion, the contribution of my heart.

Classes which show an unjust hostility in France have not thought fit to do for me, on the invitation of my friends, that which I would have done for them; but they have thought it a favourable opportunity to avenge themselves ten years later for the wrong which I have not done them. I submit. They despise me unjustly. France is well aware, however, that the contest is unequal, for on my side I shall neither have the will nor the right to despise my country.

As to the State, I have laid it down as a law for myself, that I will owe her nothing as an individual.

Under every Government, and in the whole course of my life, I will not break this law at the close of my career. Under these circumstances, Government addressed the comity of my fellow-citizens of Mâcon in official language of extraordinary kindness. I might feel it; but I was not at liberty to reply to it. I should, in that case, have recognised a political significance in a subscription which was a proof of sympathy, but not of party feeling. This could not be my intention; and, doubtless, it was not the intention of Government—all that she was bound to show was her neutrality.

I learn from you that in England a committee, comprising statesmen, orators, great writers, wishes to manifest towards me an international interest. I beg you to express to them my gratitude. I do not mistake, as some French journalists have mistaken, the signification of this committee. It is not a reproach, it is a co-operation with France; it is the alliance of states which England wishes to commemorate once again by the alliance of hearts.

In point of fact, the only thing which England can think of rewarding in me is my constant and openly avowed regard for that peace, which is more honourable to the two nations than the most glorious victories, for it is the victory of their common sense over the superannuated rivalries, which we must leave without disturbing them in the recesses of history, like the dregs of old times.

It has always been one of our grandest boasts that we have, in later ages at least, had every reason to be proud of the purity of our judges. We believe that we have now as much reason to congratulate ourselves upon that score as we ever have; only it is desirable that these things should be above all possibility of suspicion, and that those who know so little of our constitution as to doubt the impartiality of our courts of justice should be deprived of the slightest materials for a case. Now, if there be any rule of conduct more inflexible than another in regulating the intercourse between judges and litigants, it is this—that *pendente lite* there should be no familiar intercourse whatever. We know that in France, judges do not scruple to visit the houses of those who have causes pending in their courts; and it is pretended that by doing so they are the better able to arrive at the truth they seek. It may be so; but of the two evils we prefer the lesser, and believe that it is better for the judge to depend upon the evidence adduced in court for his knowledge of the case, than that he should incur the risk of being accused of partiality. For these reasons we were sorry to read the report of "a grand entertainment" given by the new EARL OF SHREWSBURY to celebrate his accession to the premier Earldom of England. It was openly reported, as if it were an event of public interest, and therefore there is no secret about it. Many members of both Houses of Parliament were present, and the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL of England. Grace was said by the PROVOST of ETON; the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY congratulated the noble Earl upon his newly-won honours; the LORD CHANCELLOR made a speech, and was puzzled in which capacity to regard himself—whether as counsel for the Earl (as before his elevation he was), or as judge over the matter, which he was afterwards promoted to be. Now this would have been all very well if the case were quite at an end. But it is not so. There is a long and difficult litigation coming as to the title to

the estates belonging to the Earldom of SHREWSBURY; there are other claimants whose claims will have to be heard; and when that litigation comes to an issue, it will sound rather strangely when it is told that the noble Lord on the Woolsack, the President over the highest Court of Appeal in the land, has declared at a dinner where the proceedings have been publicly reported, but which was given at the expense of one of the principal litigants, that he hoped "the triumphs of their noble host would not end there;" and that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL (who by that time, may also be a judge) had committed himself to an opinion that "not a shadow of a doubt existed in his mind that their noble host would succeed in the establishment of the rest of his claim, the possession of the ancient and important estates belonging to the title of Shrewsbury."

THE rules drawn up by the committee for raising a Newspaper Press Fund are before us, and bear evidence of the great care and deliberation with which everything bearing upon the matter has been considered. The members are to be restricted to "editors, managers, sub-editors, and reporters of all newspapers in the United Kingdom, or any person being, or having been for one year, a paid contributor to such newspaper." The subscription is to be a guinea annually, with an entrance fee of half-a-crown. The only salaried officer is to be the assistant secretary, who is to be paid by a poundage. The committee, in its report, pronounces against general application to the public, alleging that "at all events, the experiment ought first to be tried whether a reasonable and substantial amount of relief cannot be given to members and their families, in cases of death and destitution, from a fund raised and supported by the proprietors, editors, reporters, and contributors to the Newspaper Press of the United Kingdom." We have already pronounced against this view; still there can be no objection to try the experiment.

Few will be disposed to quarrel with the result of the debate in the House of Lords upon the necessity for removing what are called "the political services" from our Liturgy. For a long time past it has been felt that they were inapplicable to the times in which we live, and that they tended to keep awake feelings which had better be allowed to slumber. The debate in the Lords proved that these views are held by persons of the highest authority in the Church, for not only was the BISHOP of ST. ASAPH alone upon the Episcopal Bench as an opponent of the motion, but the BISHOP of LONDON actually went the length of admitting that KING CHARLES the FIRST is not generally regarded in the light of a martyr.

THE STATESMEN OF THE CONTINENT.

No. II.

CHARLES ROBERT COUNT NESSELRODE.

DIPLOMACY and diplomatists are not quite so much in repute as they were a few years ago. It has been discovered that diplomacy displays much more ingenuity in entangling than skill in disentangling. In truth, the more frankly the word's affairs are conducted, the better for both rulers and ruled. Great wisdom is needed to govern nations; but how different wisdom from the cunning and the dexterity which are the chief attributes of the diplomatist! There may be honest diplomatists; but we doubt whether honest diplomacy is possible. Instead of solving problems diplomacy eludes them. It is an attempt to pay bad paper money for good, brave coin. Perhaps it is the most fruitful cause of modern revolutions. Nations have been so often deceived by the juggle and the sham called diplomacy, that they have lost the faith in the words of the mighty, which was once such a potent conservative agency. There is a proverb that punctuality is the courtesy of kings. With equal force might it not be said that the strict fulfilment of a promise is one of the divinest modes in which kings can worship? Yet what to kings has diplomacy been but a schoolmaster in the art of breaking promises? And disgust at royal perfidy has waxed hot into the revolutionary fever, to cure which diplomacy is compelled to confess itself powerless. It is fortunate for England that our countrymen do not excel in diplomacy, wherein we are content to believe, as Madame de Staël maintains, that the French are unsurpassed. Diplomacy is the trick of conscious weakness; and conscious of strength, why should not the English follow their instinctive bent, and be in matters of statesmanship as

in commercial dealings and in private intercourse, outspoken and direct? Is a stalwart farmer any match for half a dozen sharpers at their own weapons, though he might find it easy with his huge first to knock them all down?

The greatest of modern diplomatists is Nesselrode. There have, however, been many greater men.

Like not a few of Russia's most accomplished and devoted servants, Nesselrode is of German descent. The Nesselrodes were a patrician family long settled by the banks of the Rhine. The grandfather of our famous diplomatist went to push his fortune in Russia, which is the paradise of the German adventurer. We cannot expect the German to have the same warm patriotic feeling as the Frenchman or the Englishman. He is more a cosmopolite by disposition than they; and were this not so, how can he love a fatherland, when, by splitting up Germany into thirty or forty states, you give him no fatherland to love?

Nesselrode's grandfather was a diplomatist. The son of this diplomatist, Count William von Nesselrode, born on the 24th October 1728, was first a soldier; he was then one of the numerous diplomatic agents whom the unscrupulous Catharine II.—herself a German—employed. He spent the last years of his life at Frankfurt, where he died on the 8th of March 1810. Shortly before being appointed ambassador to the Portuguese court, he married Mlle. Contard, a French lady. About to join her husband, she had taken passage in an English vessel, on board of which, on the 14th December 1780, a child was born in Lisbon Bay, who received the names Charles Robert. Son of a German father who was yet a Russian subject, and of a French mother, canopied in the cradle by old England's sturdy oak, beginning in the sunniest south a long pilgrimage which was to end in the coldest north, Nesselrode was the child of no country. Ought we to marvel that he took as type of his existence and as inspiration of his deeds what was his real birthplace—the treacherous sea?

The son of a diplomatist, the grandson of a diplomatist, what could Charles Robert Nesselrode be but a diplomatist? Before, however, he could talk or walk he had received a commission in a regiment of guards. Arrived at somewhat more mature years he actually served for a brief period as a soldier; but, slight and small in figure, he found that he had not the vigour to hold the sword even if he had had the valour to wield it. He therefore retired from the army with the best grace he could. In the first year of the present century Alexander marched to the Russian throne over the strangled and mutilated body of his father. That throne had been so often reached through blood that the pious Alexander does not seem to have considered such a path to supreme power either revolting or extraordinary. At all events, whatever favours he had to bestow were not repelled because they might be supposed to have an unpleasant smell of assassination. The smile of the new monarch fell on the young Nesselrode. Member of embassy, with continually increasing rank, at Berlin, at Stuttgart, at the Hague, and lastly in 1807 at Paris, Nesselrode manifested by his zeal and talent that he was not unworthy of the Czar's undiminished kindness. Though Nesselrode held only subordinate situations when abroad, yet he had really been the chief actor in many delicate affairs. The Russian ambassadors still belonged to a race which has almost entirely disappeared. Some wealthy magnate, whose feelings, never very fine, had been blunted by the life of the camp, who spent his money profusely and with the ostentation of the barbarian, whose Tartar ferocity often defeated his Slavonic subtlety, was generally the representative of the Czar at the various capitals of Europe. Unless the fierce and haughty savage, civilised only on the surface, had a Nesselrode by his side, he was apt, not to commit irreparable blunders, but to give unpardonable offence. And Nesselrode is especially gifted with the genius of conciliation. Belial plausibilities may accomplish more than Machiavellian craft, even in a region where Machiavellian craft is supposed to be the principal instrument.

The memorable year 1812 was that in which Bonaparte rapidly fell; it was also that in which Nesselrode rapidly rose. Summoned from his diplomatic employments abroad, he was brought into immediate contact with the Czar. With real abilities, real acquirements, and brilliant successes so far in the diplomatic career, any

one but a diplomatist would have thought that these were enough as heights from which to leap to grander heights. Nesselrode, however, saw from those heights the swamps on which St. Petersburg is built—into which if he were to tumble he would sink for evermore. To prevent this he provided himself with a wife. The Nesselrodes had not yet secured a firm position in Russia; they were allied with none of the ancient aristocratic families. This alliance our diplomatist obtained in the person of Maria Dmitrijevna Gurjeva, the daughter of Count Gurjeva, the Minister of Finance. The lady was of ripe age and not of conspicuous beauty. But her relations and connections were princely and powerful. She had been one of the Empress Mother's maids of honour; and if Alexander ruled Russia the Empress Mother ruled him. Besides, it was Nesselrode's father who had negotiated the marriage of Sophia Dorothea of Würtemberg, Frederick the Great's niece, with the heir to the Russian throne, Paul. The Empress Mother was not disposed to neglect the son of him to whom she owed her elevation; especially when that son had become the husband of one of her intimate friends.

Perhaps, however, it was scarcely expected either by Nesselrode or by his protectors that his promotion would be so prompt or so immense. Partly in consequence of the French invasion, and partly from other circumstances, some changes were deemed necessary in the Russian cabinet. Those of the ministers suspected of sympathising with French interests were thrust aside. Nesselrode's name and fame had not yet travelled much beyond diplomatic circles. To the mass of the Russian people he was comparatively unknown. Not small was the astonishment, therefore, when the oldest statesmen, the most tried warriors, the patricians of colossal wealth and commanding rank, were all passed over, and a condottiere of two-and-thirty was entrusted with the administration of foreign affairs—that is to say, substantially with the government of a realm embracing a vast tract of the earth's surface. To manage such an empire was difficult; to manage such an Emperor was more so. Alexander was ambitious, but dreamy; equally inclined to a vague liberalism and a vague superstition; a voluptuary and a pietist; a dilettante philanthropist, a dilettante in many things, but forgetting dilettantism altogether when appropriating his neighbour's goods; escaping from fits of momentary remorse into fits of momentary daring, but not persistently courageous; an enlightened monarch, but a grasping Czar; indolent, but yet with that fever of unrest which is ever his tragical lot who is conscious of a taint of insanity in the blood. It would not be inapt to call Nesselrode Alexander's keeper still more than his confessor, his confessor still more than his counsellor. In truth, however, there was not much for either Alexander or Nesselrode to do after Napoleon had exhausted himself in Spain and broken his back in Russia. The magnificent military gambler might still pour forth eloquent rhapsodies, but he could no longer dash millions of the brave against millions of the brave in combat. Through those confused years it is impossible to help having more pity for Napoleon than admiration for his opponents. He and they were alike selfish; but his was the selfishness of a genius fertile in ideas, effulgent with enthusiasm; theirs was a very vulgar selfishness indeed. The mind the richest in schemes, the promptest in combinations for the overthrow of Napoleon, was Nesselrode's; for the Talleyrands, the Metternichs, and the rest were far inferior, and have been egregiously stupidly overrated; and of England's share in the matter, except that England was the hardest fighter, and had the largest, most lavish purse, the less we say the better. There were glorious pages in England's history from the death of Pitt and Fox till the advent of Canning to the premiership, twenty long years; but of elevated views, of political sagacity, of energetic action, not a trace, not a gleam, in the administration of public affairs. The pillars of the State were then a commonplace Liverpool, a blundering Castlereagh, a bigoted Eldon, and men of the same stamp. Though the servant of a fervent devotee, yet Nesselrode was in heart a disciple of Voltaire. Though a Catholic, he had no scruple in educating his children as good Greek Christians. Though never accused of using his exalted office for paltry personal objects, he allowed his wife to turn it to as profitable a purpose as she could; he had no objection to be venal by proxy. Nesselrode brought into politics no

passion, no principle; he was an artist cultivating to perfection in a particular domain of art an intellect of miraculous acuteness. He was master of his master by effacing himself before him; he pretended to accept from Alexander the suggestions which he had really given to Alexander; and Nesselrode only chuckled when the Czar passed as the Saviour of Europe, though, simply a tool in Nesselrode's hands. The share which Nesselrode had in negotiations of every kind, in capitulations, in coalitions, in congresses, immediately preceding Napoleon's downfall, or immediately consequent on it, we detail not, as they belong to the grand chronicles of the world for the last fifty years, with which most readers are familiar. But it is important to learn how little the eclipse of a great orb blinded Nesselrode as to ultimate eventualities. The secret, the source of his political conduct now was his knowledge of the French character. The French, though a brave, are not a chivalrous, not a magnanimous people. Nesselrode knew this; he knew that the French are always at the mercy of him who takes the trouble to flatter them. During the occupation, therefore, of the French soil by the allies, pious Alexander assumed an attitude of generous forbearance, of most Christian forgiveness, and the Russians appeared as if shielding the French from German brutality and English vengeance. The stolid German did not perhaps suspect this farce; if the good-natured Briton suspected it, he was amused at the low vanity which could be duped by such low knavery. The trick, however, bore fruits which the rapacious Russian, scenting future spoil, did not disdain. The smirking Frenchman thanked the Muscovite for his mercy, and the Bourbons chose to forget that it was English gold, English intrepidity, English courage, which had borne them back to the Tuileries: it was the Cossacks alone whom the Bourbons were disposed to overwhelm with their courtesy. By the restoration of the Bourbons Russia became what France had been—the leading Continental power. It is evident that after Waterloo she ceased to regard France even as a rival. She could look across land and sea and behold only two realms able to challenge her audacious march—Britain and America. Britain was the more immediate danger. America could meanwhile, like France, be fawned on, or, if need were, bribed. The American appetite is not very refined, whether your design be to court or to corrupt. Nesselrode has persistently striven to injure and undermine England, taking care however not to provoke a direct quarrel; and if at last a direct quarrel came, he can scarcely be blamed for it. As a diplomatist Nesselrode would rather that everything could be accomplished by diplomacy, and that cannon and bayonets could be dispensed with. The roar of the artillery, the clangor of the charging cavalry, the leap, the sweep, and the rush of infuriated columns, may be poetical, exceedingly poetical; but they are coarse compared to those documents in drawing up or in receiving which Nesselrode has spent his days. Yet it was not Nesselrode with his red tape that bound the war spirit for forty years. There was the yearning for repose after a desperate conflict; there was the dread of democracy through another general commotion; and the gigantic developments of industrialism had inspired a prudence which, though perhaps at first not wholly base, has grown, as preached by our peace party, into an execrable cowardice and cant. Peace assumed a sacred aspect from another cause. In the name of the Holy Trinity the Holy Alliance was established. As a Voltairian Nesselrode must have shrugged his shoulders at it; but as a lover of quiet he must have approved of it as a means of calming at least for a season all popular effervescence in Europe. It brought trouble, however, to Nesselrode himself in an unexpected shape. The gospel of the Holy Alliance, which was given with so much pomp to mankind, was prepared by Capodistrias, a politician who will always be very variously judged. Either sharing or pretending to share the Czar's pietistic tendencies, which had so little to do with true or deep religion, Capodistrias suddenly found that he was swaying Alexander more potently than ever Voltairian Nesselrode had done. For five or six years Capodistrias was associated with Nesselrode in all his labours; and it is said that the harmony between them was absolute and unbroken. This is possible, for Nesselrode was too much a gentleman and too much a diplomatist to squabble with any one whom he had the skill to supplant.

The response to the Holy Alliance and its proclamation of patriarchal kindness and of brotherly affection, was a revolutionary movement throughout the whole of Europe. This frightened pious Alexander. There had been such a nice, comfortable, bureaucratic arrangement; and now it was quite spoiled by this illbred upheaval; it was too bad. The chief performer in the Holy Alliance renounced the Holy Alliance, and allowed Nesselrode to adopt what measures of repression he thought proper. At the Congress of Verona the intervention in Spain was decreed, with which was completed the degeneracy of modern government into a mere police. There remained but one trouble for monarchs and diplomatists to deal with—that was the Greek insurrection. It seemed doubly the affair of Alexander to adopt the cause of the insurgents. They were members, like himself, of the great Eastern Church; by constituting himself their champion, he could, amid universal applause, have stabbed Turkey to the heart. But the step was too bold for Alexander in the state of body and mind into which he had been slowly sinking. Not being able to bring the millennium by pietistic reveries, by pharisaical pretences, by jesuitical protocols, Alexander was sick, disenchanted, gloomy, and went to Taganrog to die. If he aided the Greek insurgents, might he not appear as a disturber of order? And might not the Poles think the Greek outbreak an excellent example to be followed? The Greek insurrection saved Nesselrode from probable disgrace. Capodistrias, as a native of Corfu, deemed it his duty to share the desperate struggle of his countrymen. He therefore bade adieu to his splendid prospects in Russia, and thus relieved Nesselrode from the only formidable competitor he had ever had. The death of Alexander made no change in Nesselrode's position. One of the most genuine feelings of the Emperor Nicholas was his reverence for his brother Alexander's memory. It was no doubt from this motive that he retained Nesselrode at the head of foreign affairs; he confirmed him there when he found him indispensable. Intellectually Alexander was much superior to Nicholas; but the latter was the most resolute, as the former was the most irresolute, of men. It would be simply absurd to ascribe to Nicholas either grandeur of mind or originality of genius; but in a rare degree he possessed force of character, fixedness of purpose. He crushed obstacles down by a predominant personality; nobler men than himself he vanquished by adamant will. This, though an element of greatness, is not itself greatness; it is found in many a sergeant of police and in many a corporal of dragoons, and paid for in additional pence or additional shillings a day. Much was it marvelled at in Nicholas; much was it even deservedly admired—and for the very obvious reason that few but himself, among modern rulers, possessed stupendous, invincible persistency. Round this iron determination the flexible, fertile nature of Nesselrode clung. The more unlike Nicholas and Nesselrode were to each other, the more they aided each other, and the more they co-operated for the aggrandisement of Russia. Event crowded on event with bewildering swiftness, demanding whatever the sinewy Nicholas had of pith, whatever the sinuous Nesselrode had of protean versatility; but oftener demanding only that holy Russia should put forth her hand and majestically seize the gifts which the folly or the fear of mankind offered. The first salutation to the new monarch was a fanatical conspiracy, which he bloodily suppressed. The battle of Navarino followed, by which Russia alone gained. Immediately thereafter the war with Persia, the war with Turkey, filled the Russian coffers and added to the Russian territory. An effect of the July Revolution was the Polish insurrection, from the suppression of which Russia came forth stronger than ever. Even the long and exhausting struggle in Circassia amply compensated for the serious losses which it entailed. There was here a grand military school for Russia, such as France has had in Algeria. Russia was, besides, enabled to creep closer and closer to the confines of the British empire in India, and to increase her influence in Persia, and all over the East; for it has always been the design of Russia to divert the West that she may subdue the East. Of course when, in 1852, Lord Malmesbury, as Foreign Secretary, was benevolent enough to acknowledge Russia's right to Denmark, Russia was glad enough to reap all she could from so monstrous a blunder; but though here, as in other things, her hand may often lie hot and heavy on Europe, her

heart is in Asia. The conclusion of the war between Mehemet Ali and the Porte was turned by Nesselrode's legerdemain to Russian purposes. So were all the agitations springing from the February revolution. The interference of Russia in Hungary was an immense triumph—for Russia, however, not for Austria. It made, in appearance at least, Russia more than it had yet been the arbiter of European destinies. If England still spoke out in valiant old English speech, Germany was trembling and dumb. Nicholas had been tardy in recognising Louis Philippe, whom he detested; he was more ready to recognise Louis Napoleon, whom he did not esteem, but in whom he saw a pillar of order, and an opponent of that constitutionalism for which he never concealed his disdain. Up to the commencement of the recent war, Russia's successes, both in the cabinet and in the field, had been so many and so great, that we ought not to speak of that war itself as a mistake on the part of Russia. Nicholas counted on Louis Napoleon; he counted on Lord Aberdeen; he counted on the craven Quakerism which had been slowly enveloping European communities. It was a mistake only in so far as it was precipitated by the Czar's despotic and exasperated temper. He beheld Turkey decaying, and he grew impatient at the spectacle. He had reached a time of life when he must throw himself forth with tremendous and astounding force, or he could never again do so. The taint of insanity in his race had begun to work; he was fretful, uneasy, restless; the rugged will was unshattered, but it frittered itself away on trifles; he who in his relations with his family and dependents had been courteous, chivalrous, kind, was irascible, fierce, and exacting. We introduce here no commonplaces about retribution; for though Nicholas pursued detestable objects by detestable means, yet unquestionless he came to regard himself in some strange way as a species of Messiah. What really deluded Nicholas was that diplomacy in which Nesselrode had taught him to trust so much. Diplomatic agents, open or secret, never come into contact with the soul of nations. They live in their own diplomatic world. However truthful, therefore, they cannot help deceiving those who employ them. The doings of courts and cabinets are closely watched, but the throbbings of a country's existence are overlooked. Moreover, diplomatic agents are naturally desirous of pleasing their employers. Whether they are achieving anything or not, they want to have the appearance of achieving a great deal. Bitterly when it was too late did Nicholas lament that Russian diplomatists in foreign lands had led him altogether astray. No part of the blame, however, did Nicholas seem disposed to throw on Nesselrode. The latter was created Chancellor of the Empire in 1844; and he finally retired from public affairs in the spring of 1856, about a year after the Czar's death. Russia is beginning to trust more in railroads than in diplomacy. When its railroads are completed it will hurl its legions east and west when Asia and Europe are least prepared for conflict with them. The aged man of seventy-eight, who was born in Lisbon waters, may not live to witness another onrush of Russia on the foe; but he knows that the whole Russian system, alike in its defects and in its excellences, has been mainly his creation. Hence we have been substantially narrating his career when glancing at the prominent incidents in Russian history for fifty years or more. Alexander reigned; Nicholas reigned; but Nesselrode ruled.

A MAN OF NO PARTY.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

Is descended from a family which has been settled in the island of Jersey since 1337. He is not, therefore (as many people have supposed him from his name to be) a Frenchman. He was born at Southampton on the 9th of July 1829, and has, consequently, not completed his twentieth year. At a very early age he manifested artistic tendencies of a very precocious and extraordinary character, and in his ninth year, having been brought under the notice of Sir Martin Shee, then President of the Royal Academy, he was placed by the advice of that painter in the preparatory school of Mr. Sass, of Charlotte-street. He was only nine years of age when the Society of Arts awarded him a medal. Two years afterwards he entered the Schools of the Royal Academy as a pupil, and there he carried away prize after prize from all competitors. Even at that early age the uncommon genius which he displayed obtained for him abundant employment.

Even the picture-jobbers, who usually set no value upon a man's name until it is minted into coin by the approbation of the world, soon got an inkling of his worth, and many a sale-room witnessed the handiwork of the marvellous boy, masquerading, it may be, under some better-known name.

In 1843 Millais obtained from the Royal Academy the medal for the Antique School, and in 1847 the medal for the best oil painting. The first painting which he exhibited at the Academy was in 1846, in the catalogue for which year will be found (No. 594) "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru." Next again he exhibited "Elgiiva" (613). In 1849 "Isabella," from Keats (311). In 1850, "Portrait of a Gentleman and his Grandchild" (429); "Ferdinand lured by Ariel" (504); and a third (518) on the Thirteenth Chapter of Zechariah, the sixth verse—*And one shall say unto him, 'What are these wounds in thine hands?' Then shall he answer—'Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.'* Those who are only acquainted with the class of works which Mr. Millais now produces will hear with surprise of a "Portrait of a Gentleman" coming from his easel. At this period of his career, however, he had acquired such skill in portrait painting that he has been known to produce an admirable portrait in twenty minutes, whilst the original stood over him watch in hand.

In 1851 Millais exhibited three pictures at the Royal Academy, viz.:—"Mariana at the Moated Grange" (561), "The Return of the Dove to the Ark" (651), and "The Woodman's Daughter" (799), the subject of which was taken from Mr. Coventry Patmore. In 1852 he exhibited a "Portrait of Mrs. Coventry Patmore" (156), "A Huguenot refusing the Badge" (478), and "The Death of Ophelia" (556). In 1853 he sent "The Order of Release" (265), and "The Proscribed Royalist" (520). Next year he did not exhibit any, but in 1855 the Exhibition contained "The Rescue" (282), a "Portrait of a Young Lady" (1094), and "Portrait of Mr. John Leech" (1094). In 1856 he exhibited five pictures: "Peace Concluded" (200), "Portrait of a Gentleman" (293), "Autumn Leaves" (448), "L'Enfant du Regiment" (553), and "The Blind Girl" (586). In 1857 he exhibited "News from Home" (50), "Sir Isambard at the Ford" (283), and "The Escape of a Heretic" (408). The Exhibition of the present year is without any specimen of his art.

The limits which we have laid down in preparing these biographical sketches prevent us from offering, in this place, our opinion as to the merits of the dispute between the admirers and contemners of Millais. If we had not believed him to possess some of the elements of true greatness, we should not have included him in this series.

As for the other facts of Millais's career, it may briefly be noted that in 1853 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. In 1850, he and some others of the like faith with him attempted to gain popularity for their views by starting a periodical, called *The Gem; or, Art and Poetry*. But a very few numbers of this appeared, and as we have never met with one of them, we are unable to give any account of Millais's qualifications as a man of letters.

DEAD MINNA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARNOLD."

As May's first morn arose in pride,
The village maiden, Minna, died.
Her friends—the kinsmen of her race—
Mourn'd round her for a little space,
Then left her in her death-robe drest,
With one white lily on her breast.
But when the hour of night was near,
And moonlight soft suffused the bier,
There came the Prince of all the land,
And weeping kiss'd her small cold hand,
And brought a jewell'd circlet rare
To glimmer round the maiden's hair,
And brought a pearl-lit star to rest
Upon the crown'd maiden's breast.
Still bore her brow the moon's soft ray;
It tinged the lily where it lay.
He cast the circled gems aside—
"God's Crown is best, my queen! my bride!"
He cast the pearls beneath his feet—
"God's Lily is thy breast-flower, Sweet!"
Then, kneeling, wept with passionate pain,
And shower'd wild kisses down like rain,
And linger'd till the moon sank low,
And all its soft and smiling glow
Faded slowly from the pallid face,
And darkness rose around the place—
Then left her in her death-robe drest,
With one white lily on her breast.

7 set no
nted into
on got an
oom wit-
ous boy,
e better-

e Royal
ool, and
g. The
Academy
year will
Inca of
Elgiva "
s (311).
and his
y Ariel"
thirteenth
se—And
ounds in
ose with
friends."
class of
will hear
tleman"
d of his
skill in
n to pro-
minutes,
in hand.
s at the
Moated
e to the
ughter"
rom Mr.
bited a
36), "A
d "The
he sent
"The
ear he
he Ex-
a "Por-
Portrait
hibited
"Por-
Leaves"
d "The
"News
Ford"
8). The
out any

in pre-
vent us
s to the
ers and
believed
of true
n in this

it may
cted an
850, he
th him
ews by
Art and
peared,
em, we
illais's



yours truly
John Everett Millais

A N
Ad
Lou
Diplo
unin
about
laws
silent
preva
nothi
he wi
by c
sueal
is tu
letter
it is
and
throu
prais
attai
lowe
very
stanc
undoc
war
cour
doris
lega
is at
a p
mast
(like
natu
valu
have
ever
arist
awa
anxi
the
supp
rem
and
mai

A
gree
arra
Hop
rece
whi
lige
tion
autu
a p
the
arr
Mr
a n
in
cor
Pa
int
we
hin
Th
thi
lea
bu
Th
yo
of
an
ou
ha
wh
ce
F
m
si
co
w
at
no
he
S
o

la
o
re
an
ne
eq

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

A New Yorker in the Foreign Office, and his Adventures in Paris. By HENRY WIKOFF. London: Trübner and Co.

DIPLOMACY is only dignified and imposing to the uninitiated. There is much of the stage-villain about it. Puffendorff and Vattel may write its laws; but the spirit of Machiavelli hovers over its silent negotiations, and directs the windings and prevarications of its artful professors. It is nothing if not slimy. Whosoever touches it, be he without fear and without reproach, becomes by contagion from that moment a liar and a sneak. Terms are converted, and the dictionary is turned upside down. The breaking open a letter is judicious boldness, the clever re-sealing it is discretion aided by manipulative skill, and the listening at a crevice or the peeping through a keyhole is happy promptitude and praiseworthy zeal. That way pensions lie. To attain a front position in the ranks of its followers but two qualifications are required—a very low standard of morals and a very high standard of French. Personal advantages are undoubtedly a recommendation. Where peace or war between two great nations depends—as, of course, it does—upon the facility of an ambassadorial waltz, or the inclination and grace of a legation-secretarial obeisance, the awkward man is at a discount, and the charming creature is at a premium. In diplomacy it is the dancing-master who should always be abroad, and brains (like wives and children) be looked upon in the nature of incumbrances. Some of our most valuable (because inactive) foreign ministers have been nothing but clever fiddlers. Shall we ever look upon their like again? If the whole aristocracy of ambassadorial intrigue were swept away by a happy pestilence to-morrow, the anxious nation need not fear that this branch of the public service would languish for want of supporters while a single blackleg billiard-room remained as a recruiting-shop in the metropolis, and a single importer of foreign *Traviatas* remained at the outposts of our Allies.

A grateful country does not always know its greatest benefactors. As Popkins sometimes, by arrangement, gets the credit for that which Hopkins wrote, so does a political chieftain receive and retain the reward for the service which has been planned and executed by his intelligent subordinates. It is only when an explanation, a memoir, an account of adventures, an autobiography, a life and letters, a confession, or a public exposure comes before the world, that the whole truth, with a little seasoning, is arrived at. Such a revelation is this volume by Mr. Henry Wikoff. He is a wonderful man and a modest. During that stirring political period in France from 1849 to 1851 he was the real conductor of all our diplomatic negotiations at Paris—the man who watched over our national interests with such care, industry, and tact, that we cannot but regret that such an invaluable hired patriot was not born upon British soil. The exceedingly moderate price for which all this important service was rendered is not the least marvellous and praiseworthy part of the business. Five hundred pounds per annum! Think of this, financial reformers, the next time you attack our Parisian diplomatic expenditure of a score of thousands a year—think of this, and lay to heart the great words and designs of our author:—"I was determined to go on as I had begun, and to continue, be the consequences what they might, to do all that in me lay to cement the happy concord between England and France, and, above all, to bury deep the immovable foundations of a lasting alliance between sire and son—England and her once rebellious colonies, now one of the great powers of the world." These are brave words indeed! The amicable relations of England and France were not enough for this mentally-vigorous and large-hearted man, but he must throw in the United States as well, and all for a beggarly cheque of 125*l.* paid every quarter!

Mr. Wikoff, before the publication of these revelations, was known in this country—favourably or unfavourably, according to the taste of his readers—by his work entitled "My Courtship and its Consequences." It is not our purpose now to refer to this production (which was severely criticised at the time of its appearance),

although our author has dragged it in as a kind of postscript to his present volume. The main object of the book before us is to expose his relations with that profound, venerable, and jaunty statesman, Lord Palmerston, as his former work was intended to lay bare his matrimonial attempts upon a young lady of the name of Gamble. Our Yankee writer, with the Polish name, was always of a communicative turn—a scrupulous preserver of letters, a careful note-taker of conversations with distinguished persons—a man who evidently gathered materials with a purpose. To do him justice, he seems to have been a person who was always to be spoken to. No wounded correspondent of Mr. Wikoff can complain, when he sees his unwelcome communications in type, that they were not duly offered to him, bound up in a neat packet, and tied with red tape, for a slight consideration. Mr. Wikoff has moved too much in distinguished circles to do anything that a handbook of etiquette would brand as mean and ungenial, and, as he shows in his preface, he was always careful to regulate his conduct by the usages of good society.

After the French Revolution of 1848 Mr. Wikoff appears to have started from New York for Paris, with a view of seeing if something might not turn up. He records conversations in the winter of 1847 with the "leading intellects of France." These take the form of those laconic, stage prophetic, political epigrams, which are always put into the mouths of French politicians and statesmen, and which may mean volumes, or nothing at all. It is like consulting the oracle, or listening to the pictures of the future that float in the imagination of Gipsies:

I breakfasted often at this epoch with Louis Blanc, and, peering into his intelligent face, sought to fathom the mysteries of Socialism. He talked most eloquently, but when I desired to examine the machinery of his system, he hesitated. His theory was not yet in governmental shape.

I dropped in occasionally on M. Marrast, editor of the *National*, the democratic journal.

"If the Monarchy falls," I asked, "what then?"

"The Republic," he exclaimed.

"What kind of republic?"

"*Cela depend*" (that depends), and he explained no further.

I observed on one occasion to M. de Lamartine, "Your book is making a deep sensation."

"I am glad of it," he returned, "for my publisher gave me a large sum. Here, take the prospectus with you for your friends."

I went to the house of M. Thiers one evening with his friend, the Prince de la Moskowa. I spoke to him opportunely of the Prince Louis Napoleon. He listened. I continued my remarks, when at length he said, "How old is he?" A word from such a man is a volume. I divined his thought, to wit, that the Prince was young enough to wait till he had Bonapartised France more deeply with his magnificent history of the Consulate and Empire.

I discussed one morning with the brilliant chivalric Berryer the chances of the old monarchy.

"Will it ever return?" I queried.

"Why not?" he said. "It returned once, and may it not again?"

The interview that affected me most was that which, after great difficulty, I obtained with the illustrious Chateaubriand. He was broken down in health and confined to his bedroom, where for a couple of hours daily he was propped up in a chair. His family alone were admitted, and I was the last stranger that ever approached him. He sat, as I entered, with his venerable head drooping on his breast, plunged apparently in stupor. I conversed in a low tone with his nephew, the Marquis de ——. Our conversation gradually wandered on to politics, when the nephew talked of the restoration some day of his legitimate King. Chateaubriand shook his head slowly, but spoke not. After a pause, we went on, commenting on the career of the existing monarchy, and in the course of a little time the Patriarch with difficulty raised his head, his eye gazing on vacancy. "*Cela ira comme tout le reste. L'avenir est au peuple.*" (That will pass like all the rest. The future belongs to the people.)

Then comes the Abbé Lamennais:

"Then, the Monarchy of July," I said as I rose.

"Dead."

"Its elder brother"—

"Dead."

"May they not revisit France?"

"Like spectres—only to vanish."

"The Bonapartes"—

"Yes, in their turn."

"The Republic"—

"Inevitable."

"Will it stand?"

"It matters not."

"Wherefore?" His eye wandered over the plains to a distant point.

"Because in its arms only can France, the world, find rest."

That Mr. Wikoff was intimate with, or obtained introductions to, the circle of the President of the Republic, is not surprising. In 1849 Paris was the prey of a band of adventurers, each one struggling for his own private benefit, and the good of the distracted, panting, and beloved country that was heaving beneath their feet. We are not astonished to find Mr. Wikoff on such good terms with that Napoleon who, by the force of bayonets and the grace of God, is now the Emperor of France. Without any love for the deposed monarchy, or any other monarchy asserting its claims to the throne from the tenth or twelfth generation, we should not have been paralysed if our energetic Yankee author, agent and diplomatist, had himself vaulted or wriggled—it is all the same thing—into the chair of state: turning round, in harmony with his dealings with Lord Palmerston as the representative of England, and offering to govern the European continent for five hundred pounds per annum, payable quarterly, with the right of protest and the run of perquisites. His picture of the Emperor is daubed with admiration—blind, mysterious veneration. Oh, but he is a wonderful, an inscrutable man, this occupant of the throne of France, this tenant-at-will of the French army. Where in the cabinets of all Europe is there such a profound thinker, such a prudent, prompt, indefatigable, and decisive actor? Who can get behind that saturnine, impassable face? who can fathom the vast designs of that majestic grasp of intellect?—and so on, *ad infinitum*.

It is a pity, for the credit of Mr. Wikoff's judgment, that his book was not published a twelvemonth ago, or rather not at all, as far as this portion of it is concerned; for the idol of his admiration—the silent, Lord-Burleigh Emperor—has shown such an ignorance within the last few months of the spirit and feeling of the English people, among whom he lived so long, that we are compelled to assume he is alike destitute of the knowledge of the commonest principles of government, and incapable of profiting by the mechanical lessons of experience.

It was in August 1850 that Mr. Wikoff's intimate relations with the English Government of that day first commenced. Let him tell his own story:

I encountered one day, in the street, a person I had frequently met in the *salons* of Paris, the Hon. R. Edwardes, acting Secretary of the British Embassy at Paris. He expressed his satisfaction at my return from my recent trip to the United States, and pressed me with some earnestness to call at the Embassy to see him. Though much in the habit of meeting him in the best society yet I had never cultivated the acquaintance of Mr. Edwardes, for his manners were not conciliating, nor his conversation very attractive. He had the air of a man deeply buried in rumination, and when he spoke it was with the abruptness of a person suddenly recalled from the dream-land he seemed to inhabit. His eyes, however, were sparkling and restless, which showed that his torpid exterior was only a diplomatic cloak to hide his vigilant observation of men and things. He was a man of some forty years and upwards, and had passed his life in diplomatic service at the different Courts of Europe. He was at the moment filling the post of Secretary of Embassy, to which he expected to be permanently named. Receiving a second invitation to call on him, I did so, and we had a long chat on politics. Mr. E. was by no means disposed to express his own opinions, but rather sought in a subtle manner to extract those of others. I perceived his craft, but gave utterance to my sentiments without reserve, as I had no motive for concealment. I spoke of the uncertainty that overhung the destinies of France, and that I could see no solution but in the prolongation of the power of the President, who alone seemed capable of dealing with the tremendous perils that were imminent. I talked of England and her foreign policy, saying that it seemed to me that her best course was to consolidate as far as she could the position of the President, and to enter into the most cordial union with France, as the interests of both nations demanded it. Referring to the United States, I asserted that I saw nothing to prevent the best understanding between them and England and France, since they were all equally bound to each other by

mutual interest. These simple views were listened to with great attention by the hon. Secretary of Embassy, and I inferred he approved of them, as he said nothing to the contrary. We dined together soon afterwards, when it came out that he had read at the time my essay on the British Constitution, and I deduced from what he let drop that I had hit the nail so exactly on the head, that no friend of the Oligarchy, much more an official under it, would like to see the blow repeated. I began to suspect forthwith that the astute Secretary had a motive in his friendly demonstrations, and that he meant in one way or another to allay my Yankee ardour to grapple with the mysteries of the British Constitution. Whether in this he was the agent of superior authority, or only seeking by a display of zeal and activity to make his promotion surer, never occurred to me at the time. One day, at the close of August, I announced to him my intention to run over to London for a few days on private business, when he asked me if I would like to make the acquaintance of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Viscount Palmerston, for in that case he would give me letters of introduction. It is needless to say I accepted this flattering offer with extreme readiness, though I marvelled at the time how it came to pass that a simple Secretary of Embassy could venture to present a stranger to so illustrious a personage as the Viscount Palmerston. This mystery, like many others, unravelled itself in process of time, which, however, it may not be necessary to explain. I arrived in London on the first of September, and the day following called in Carlton Gardens and left my introduction and card for the noble Secretary of State. On returning to my hotel some hours later I found the card of Lord Palmerston, with the following note:—

Carlton Gardens, September 2nd, 1850.

Lord Palmerston presents his compliments to Mr. Wikoff, and regrets much that as he is leaving London this afternoon, he cannot receive Mr. Wikoff here, but if Mr. Wikoff will do him the favour to come down to Broadlands to-morrow to dine and sleep, and will excuse the want of any company to meet him, Lord Palmerston will have great pleasure in receiving him. The one o'clock or five o'clock trains from the Waterloo station would bring Mr. Wikoff in good time to Romsey, which is within a mile from Broadlands.

I was not more surprised than flattered at this prompt acknowledgment of my visit; but it was chiefly owing, no doubt, to the fact of his Lordship's leaving London that day for his country seat after the adjournment of Parliament. I took the five o'clock train next day for Romsey, which the time-tables informed me I would reach soon after seven o'clock. I had therefore abundant time to dwell on the good fortune awaiting me in making the acquaintance of one of the leading Statesmen of Europe, and the most prominent man at the time in England. My mind naturally reverted to his long and singular political career.

It was no other than this remarkable man and veteran statesman, the victor in so many debates, and the hero of so many diplomatic contests, that I was now flying over the South-Western Railway to meet, in compliance with the flattering invitation already given. It was not long after 7 p.m. that I reached the Romsey station, and as it was a bright and balmy day I decided to walk over to "Broadlands," only a mile distant. I took my course through the village of Romsey, having nothing to recommend it but its extreme antiquity, and only famous, in my recollection, as the birth-place of Master Petty, the ancestor of the Lansdowne family, who began life here as a humble weaver. I soon entered the park-gates of Lord Palmerston's noble estate, and followed the carriage drive towards the house, stopping every now and then, involuntarily, to survey that delicious landscape which nowhere exists in such perfection as in England, and carried there to the highest point of pictorial effect. The verdant meadow, trimmed with such neatness as to give it the appearance of a carpet of velvet, unrolled its glittering expanse on every side, with now and then a clump of fine trees, picturesquely grouped, to break its monotony. In the distance I discerned a rare beauty, the flashing surface of a gentle river, sparkling in the sunshine, which, disappearing for a moment behind an envious grove, again came smiling into sight, as it pursued its meandering course through the soft vale it seemed to nourish. All my political reminiscences vanished instantaneously at the sight of such transcendent charms as these, and I was fast falling into a reverie and beginning to quote Thomson, when a sudden turn of the road brought me right upon the superb mansion of "Broadlands." I learned from the footman who opened the door that Lord Palmerston was out riding, his usual exercise of an afternoon, but that his Lordship expressed the hope I would be able to amuse myself about the grounds till his return. I was escorted to my bedroom, and informed that the dinner-hour was half-past eight o'clock. As I had nearly an hour to spare, I descended for a walk on the lawn, which ran sloping from the house to the edge of the pretty stream already alluded to; and anxious to improve my acquaintance with it, I strolled along its winding margin, which at every turn afforded some new and pleasing view. On my return to the house I found its noble owner waiting for me in the library, and he welcomed me with all the easy familiarity of a finished man of the world. My preconceived notions of his appearance and manners were ludicrously disappointed. Instead of the venerable man of imposing

mien and solemn gravity—the conjoint result of high distinction, English formality, and advanced age—I encountered a very pleasant gentleman of some fifty years, apparently, perfectly off-hand and unaffected in his demeanour, and singularly vivacious and playful in his remarks, which were accompanied with a sort of running chuckle. After a few moments' conversation, his Lordship suggested we had but a few minutes to dress for dinner, rang for a servant to conduct me to my room, whilst he hurried off, saying he would see me directly in the drawing-room. On repairing thither, I was presented by his Lordship to the celebrated Lady Palmerston, formerly Countess Cowper, and once the belle of her epoch. She was a tall, finely-formed woman, with a handsome countenance, very elegant manners, and apparently still in the prime of life. There was the same polished ease and freedom from restraint of any kind that distinguished her noble husband, and which indicated in both that to high breeding was added the long habit of wide and constant intercourse with society. There was only one other lady present, the Hon. Mrs. W. C—, a member of the family. When dinner was announced Lady P— rose, and with a charming mixture of affability and *hauteur* offered me her arm, saying, she "would take the stranger into dinner," an honour I certainly would not have ventured to aspire to. The dinner passed off delightfully; my Lord Palmerston talking, joking, and laughing, as though he passed his time doing nothing else. He related several anecdotes, full of point and admirably told. I could not for the life of me imagine I was in the presence of one of the leading men of Europe, who had been a member of the cabinets that had ended the terrible war against Napoleon I., and begun that against the United States in 1812, and that at this moment had more to do with the destinies of nations than any other man living. I was not long in detecting, however, that the lively, facetious exterior of Lord Palmerston was but a mask assumed before the world, though always worn with dignity, and that underneath lay concealed that vast intellect, fearless character, and mighty energy, which had raised him, without connection, interest, or wealth, and in the teeth of prejudice, to the position he then held, and which would likely carry him later into the Premiership of England. On returning to the drawing-room, the minister left me with the ladies, saying, he would join us at tea; and I learnt afterwards that he was in the habit of retiring to his cabinet for an hour or more after dinner to glance over his dispatches, flowing in upon him every day from all quarters of the world. He came in again about eleven o'clock, drank a cup of tea, chatted a while in his pleasant way, and disappeared once more. He had returned, I found, to his study, where I was surprised to hear he frequently passed part of the night at work. I have since discovered that Lord Palmerston's capacity for labour is prodigious, and his energies, mental and bodily, never flag under any pressure of business. His intelligence, experience, and activity enabled him to accomplish everything without appearance of haste or loss of time. Whether it be that his task is congenial, or that his nature demands constant occupation, certain it is that Lord Palmerston labours as incessantly as any operative or farmer's man in England. He requires no recreation, is never seen at places of amusement, and is free from all those fashionable vices so common amongst statesmen and diplomatists of all countries. In short, Lord Palmerston is one of those rare men who seem born to carry on the political business of the world; and it is hard to say whether this arises from any special combination of faculties, or from that soaring ambition to govern mankind that makes labour, trial, and peril easy, nay, attractive, if contributing to that end. At ten next morning the family were punctually assembled at breakfast; but I found his Lordship more reserved in manner and less inclined for conversation, as though his mind was already intent on the business of the day. After breakfast every one, according to the custom in English country houses, betook themselves to their own mode of amusement; but in bidding me good morning his Lordship asked me to accompany him in his usual ride at four in the afternoon. I accompanied the ladies in a short ramble over the grounds, laid out with exquisite taste, in both the French and English style; gay parterres of flowers, massed together in the greatest variety and profusion, relieved by sloping lawns and graceful groups of trees. I had fine views of the house from various points, which is an oblong in shape, with wings, and constructed with a nice perception of architectural effect. It is of great dimensions, containing on the lower floor alone three spacious drawing-rooms, library, billiard-room, and a dining-room worthy of a palace. On returning from our stroll I was left to dispose of my own time *à mon gout*, and I passed an hour or so pleasantly in looking over a very choice collection of pictures that adorned the various rooms, amongst which I remarked several rare specimens of Cuvp and Teniers, great favourites of mine. I next wended my way into the library, and what with reading and letter-writing, the hours sped away pleasantly enough. At four I proceeded to join his Lordship for our ride, and I found him ready at the hour named. As we were about to mount he said:

"I will give you a turn in the New Forest." Hav-

ing remarked nothing of the kind in the neighbourhood, I asked, with some distrust, what the distance might be?

"Only ten miles," returned his Lordship, pulling on his gloves.

Ten miles there, ditto back, thought I, in a sober spirit of computation, besides the turn proposed. I felt I had better come out with a plain statement, whilst there was time.

"If your Lordship is serious," I said, "I shall beg the favour of carrying a pillow along with me, for I am sure to spend the night in the Forest."

"What!" exclaimed the noble Lord, "will a gallop like that fatigue you?"

"I have not strode a horse for these several years past," I expostulated.

"In that case," returned his Lordship, "let us take a walk over the farms," to which I readily assented, and the more so that the playfulness of the "thoroughbred" intended for me inspired me with secret misgivings that we should soon part company in mutual disgust. To say nothing of fatigue and insecurity, I greatly preferred a promenade *à pied*, since it would afford me a better opportunity for conversation with his Lordship, which I ardently desired. Off we started at a rattling pace, which soon made me suspect I had gained little by the exchange. I was really astonished at the extraordinary bodily vigour of my noble host, which far exceeded mine, though some thirty years his junior, and in sound health.

The next morning at breakfast I announced my intention of leaving that afternoon for town, when her Ladyship was kind enough to express regret at my early departure. His Lordship walked with me from the breakfast-room into the library, when he remarked,

"In our conversation yesterday your views seemed to coincide singularly with mine, more especially as regards France and the United States; and if you have nothing better to do, what do you say to aiding me to keep the peace, for I hear that you are a good deal connected with the press in both countries."

I was as much surprised as flattered at this frank and sudden proposition, which, however, embarrassed me not a little.

"If I thought I could, in my humble way, be of any use to your Lordship," I replied, "and especially to the great cause in question, I certainly should—" I stopped to reflect a moment.

"Well, think it over," said his Lordship, remarking my hesitation, "and let me know. As to compensation, I'll make that easy." With that the noble Secretary of State retired to his cabinet. I was struck with the business-like way he did things, and that he wanted no work he was not willing to pay for.

The end of all this was that Mr. Wikoff was engaged. "Pay," as he says, "was a secondary consideration," and he therefore fixed upon the moderate remuneration of five hundred a year. He returned to Paris, and took up his position under the wing of the ruminating Mr. Edwardes. The first thing he did—the first gigantic service he rendered for his paltry pay—was by his tact and diplomatic ability (of course, by the aid of nothing else) to win over the two French political organs, *Le Siècle* and *La Presse*, from their pertinacious and able attacks upon Lord Palmerston. Amongst the duties which come within the province of government is the task of watching over and influencing foreign journals. When the *Hamburger Zeitung*, or the *Sourheimer Blätter*, comes out with an attack or a series of attacks upon a British prime minister or foreign secretary, it is the duty of either of those officers, according to the theory and practice of the British constitution, to examine into the grounds of the attack, and use a portion of the public revenue for the purpose of converting their political and journalistic opponents. At least my Lord Palmerston thought so in 1850, and doubtless thinks so still; and, with his long experience and knowledge of the craft of state, he ought to be accepted as an authority without further question.

Not many months had passed in this active and useful state of existence before a quarrel arose amongst the happy family of Anglo-Parisian diplomatists. It is not by any means clear what it was all about. Whether Lord Normanby was jealous of Lord Palmerston, or Mr. Edwardes of Mr. Wikoff, or any way we like to put it, will ever remain a mystery, unless some future volume of adventures and unrecompensed wrongs should reveal the secret. Mr. Wikoff is evidently not a man to keep anything back that he knows, and he is not at all explicit at this part of his narrative. It is natural that a man in the position of Mr. Edwardes, the Secretary of the Embassy at Paris, should be anxious to get rid of a person who was looked upon as a Foreign Office spy—a sort of inspector of diplomatic agencies. One day he suggested to Mr. Wikoff that he had better resign, but our author mildly but firmly declined to do so. Coming over to England

shortly afterwards to receive his quarter's salary, he found a manifest coolness at head-quarters. He endeavoured to see Lord Palmerston, but without success. The once welcomed of Broadlands was now the despised and rejected of Downing-street. True, he had not as yet been served with any formal notice of discharge, but he was not happy. He felt the beginning of the end; at last it came. Its first indication was a verbal communication from the solemn lips of the precise official, Mr. Addington, the permanent Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office; and its conclusion, after some time and after much labour and negotiation on the part of our author, was conveyed to him in the following letter from the same quarter:

Foreign Office, November 24, 1851.

Sir,—In reply to the letter which you addressed to Viscount Palmerston on the 31st of October, I am directed to observe to you that the sole object of the arrangement which his Lordship made with you, in the autumn of last year, was to make known clearly, through the medium of the French and the United States press, the liberal, and especially the pacific character, of the policy of her Majesty's Government. How far that object has been attained Lord Palmerston is unable to judge, as your communications with this office, since the commencement of your engagement, have been but few. His Lordship is willing, however, to believe that your services may have contributed to forward the desired end. But you must be well aware that engagements of this kind are, in their very nature, temporary and dependent on circumstances, and Lord Palmerston having seen reason to be satisfied that no further benefit was likely to result from your exertions, and perceiving, also, that economy required that services of doubtful utility should no longer be continued at a considerable charge, caused an announcement to be made to you, at least as long ago as the month of July last, that the arrangement made with you would terminate with the termination of this year. Lord Palmerston has no recollection whatever of your having declared to him at any time that, in order to devote your attention to the object he had in view, you would be obliged to renounce other advantages present or prospective; but he is confident that he in no way bound himself to make good such renunciation. I am, therefore, directed to state to you that Lord Palmerston considers that the engagement taken with you would properly cease, as already announced to you, with the close of this year; but in order that you may have a full twelve months' notice of its cessation, he will continue until the end of June next the rate of payment which you have already received, and on the 30th of June that allowance will accordingly cease altogether.—I am, Sir, your obedient and humble servant,
H. U. ADDINGTON.

Henry Wikoff, Esq.

Thus ended the personal service of Mr. Wikoff in the interest of our country, and thus were sown the seeds of his subsequent revelations. The author is philosophical in the intervals of his disclosures, and treats us to his views of men and things. He attacks the French socialists, and after a blow from such a man of course they fall. He pities the present attitude of Victor Hugo, and we immediately join in the commiseration. He attacks that same British constitution whose representative fed him and clothed him for a time, and he astonishes us with the profundity of his views upon the emptiness of representative government and the fallacy of a limited monarchy. He traces the origin of the French Emperor's popularity with the army to a distribution of sausages at a review, and every one must admire his power of political analysis while they praise his keenness of observation. He has all the self-importance of a man who is bursting to convey the weight of the knowledge that has been entrusted to his keeping. He is a confidential footman, who possesses the dangerous gifts of reading and writing, and in using them he damages himself and everybody who has ever been connected with him. He is a living and a shining example of the uses, benefits, and virtues of Continental diplomacy. He has written a book which proves in print that when rascals fall out honest men are taught wisdom—if they think proper to profit by it.

But what shall we say of the master who employed such a servant—the political artificer who worked with such a doubled-edged tool? Lord Palmerston's final treatment of his discarded slave—his mean subterfuges, his short polite notes, his broken appointments—are worthy of a man who works through the medium of such instruments, and a disgrace to the order to which he claims to belong. His conduct shows an amount of experience and self-possession, that is presumptive proof of this not being the only engagement of the kind which his Lordship has had

on his hands during a long and active, if not a beneficial, administrative career. The known is a specimen of the unknown. Poor Lady Palmerston must have suffered a great deal from the companions that have, at different times, been forced upon her company by what her husband chose to consider the exigencies of the state. She was wrong, however, in treating Mr. Wikoff, at that stage of their acquaintance, with the *hauteur* that he alludes to, as he was at that time a devoted political adherent of her husband, and they were all, or ought to have been, then working together for good. Cosmopolitan spies are not the visitors that one would choose, if the choice were left free, at one's country seat; but these are little annoyances inseparable from the enjoyment of power and office, and the ladies of foreign secretaries, as well as their husbands, are bound to submit to them with a good grace.

As to the irritation this book will probably cause in the mind of the broken-down minister of seventy-four, we have little care for that; the punishment is well deserved. Those who have thought nothing of tying their country to the heels of a babbling adventurer, bookmaker, and theatrical and general commission agent, to be dragged through the mud like a tin kettle at the tail of a yelping cur, must not grumble at being splashed as the maddened animal and appendages dash along the highway.

When the sun of Palmerston sets for ever—as it will before long in the common course of things—there will be many clouds to assist in obscuring it, and amongst them the shadow of the despised and communicative Wikoff.

Frank Beresford; or, Life in the Army. By Captain CURLING. London: Charles J. Skeet.

ALTHOUGH, so far as story is concerned, this volume may be pronounced to be as incomplete as if it were only the first volume of a novel of orthodox length, there is unquestionably a life-like freshness about it which will render it acceptable to those readers who seek only to be amused. We suspect that this arises from the autobiographical nature of the story: it is a soldier relating his own experiences of barrack-life in England, relating them, too, in a free, flowing gentlemanly style, and with a great deal of quiet humour. Plot there is none, at least in the adventures of Beresford, whom we suspect to be intended for the author himself, and the episode respecting the mysterious Damain is so very vague that Captain Curling is fain to get out of the difficulty by promising a subsequent explanation of his fate.

Frank Beresford is a young officer, who goes to join his regiment in Scotland, at a period which we should fix at some thirty years ago. He is a bit of a buck, a good fellow, and prone to amateur theatricals. Here we have no difficulty in establishing an identity between him and the author of "The Mess Table and the Stage." The introduction to barrack-life, the first dinner at mess, a night spree, and a row with Charlies, are all told with spirit and without coarseness. Soon after the hero joins comes a youth, who affords a fair butt for practical jokes. This character is so well drawn, that we should not be surprised to hear that it is a portrait:

The "sweet youth" dined at mess on the first day of joining. He seemed a trifle put out and somewhat discomfited at the loss of his side locks, moustache, and brass spurs, for the adjutant had stuck to his skirts till he saw the commanding officer's directions in that respect carried out. But he came out strong after a few glasses on the removal of the cloth, and the party soon found that Falstaff's achievement on Gad's Hill, when "Two buckram men let drive at him, and the worthy knight took all their eleven points in his target," was nothing to what their new friend had done, could do, and meant to carry on with.

"Look here, gents," he said, rising, taking off his coat and baring his right arm, "here's muscle for you, just feel it; iron is a fool to it; it's as big as a twenty-four pounder. I could fell an ox with a single blow."

There was little doubt of the youth's strength of body, but his boastful style led to a doubt as to his great courage; and it was quickly resolved that at the first opportunity the latter should be put to the test. His personal strength was, however, not his only boast. He could do everything better than everybody else. He could dance, he could box, he could fence, he could act, he could sing, better than any professor of any of those arts. Certainly, he had a voice, and, as he volunteered a song at an early part of the evening, all present were able to judge of its power, for no bull could bellow louder. He sang several

songs, one after the other, over and over again, change and change about; there was no stopping him. He sang himself half drunk, stupidly drunk, then outrageously drunk, amidst the laughter of the whole mess, who were necessitated to join in the chorus in self-defence; till at last he sank down with his head on a level with the mahogany and gave in.

If ever there could be a fair target for practical joking, here was one. The following detailed plan of an adventure of this sort gives us some insight into the *modus operandi* complained of in the late Windsor scandals:

In the first place they provided themselves with a ball of twine; they next stirred up the fire, and thawed some water which was frozen into a lump in the water jug; they then, with stealthy pace, entered Conway's room, after ascertaining by his deep stertorous breathing that he was asleep. They then fixed the twine to the blankets of the bed, the chair, the table, the wash-hand stand, and the victim's great toe. They then poured the contents of the water jug on the floor at the foot of the bed, and flooded the room, besides filling his boots also with the same fluid. All being prepared, and the twine conveyed under the door, a good pull was in the first place given to the line attached to the wash-hand stand, and down it came with a crash. This served to awaken the sleeper, who, starting up, rubbed his eyes, and stared about. So much fire was in the grate, a flame having been coaxed into action, that Conway plainly saw the upset wash-hand stand, and its consequent ruin. Somewhat surprised, he was still more startled when the chair beside his bed began to progress along the room. The victim was very superstitious, and a great coward in the dark; he began to imagine all sorts of things. The table now began to move; he saw it go away from before the fire, inch by inch; then the other chair walked off. Throwing himself down, he pulled the blankets and sheets over his head; they also now began to move off; he clutched them up again, rolled himself over, said his prayers; the blankets moved off again, and again he pulled them up. "O dear, O dear! what's all this?" he said. "The evil one is certainly in my room." He would have called out loudly if he could. Off went blankets, sheets, coverlet, and all; then came a terrible tug; his great toe was suddenly almost jerked off; then came a steady pull, which nearly dislocated the joint, and made him jump up, and try to catch the string; failing in that, out of bed he flew. Roaring with pain, he got hold of the string, breaking his shins against the tables and chairs, and then down he came with the string clutched in his hand. With a great effort he now released his toe, and as he was pretty well aware of the plant that was being made upon him he jumped up, dashed aside the chairs and tables, and, flinging the door open, rushed out into the corridor. Woe to the unhappy wight whom he could have to grapple with. But all were off; and as he rushed headlong in pursuit, he found himself entangled and enmeshed in the cross lines of some half-dried, recently-washed clothes, which his tormentors had dodged under as they fled.

One of the best stories in the volume is of a duel got up between two fast friends, by a couple of mischief-making fire-eaters. The belligerent friends, happening to meet accidentally before arriving at the ground, came to a secret understanding how to act upon the occasion:

The other second having meanwhile given his instrument and instructions, the opponents stood opposite to each other, pistols pointing downwards all ready, the Doctor and Beresford sitting on a sand hill on the look-out at some distance.

"One—two—three," shouted Shakelbow, a deliberate pause being given between each numeral.

No sooner said than done. Bang, bang, went the pistols; and both seconds jumped aside with wonderful agility.

"What the deuce is your principal at?" roared O'Brien. "Why, his bullet has absolutely grazed my cheek."

"And what the fiend is your man at?" roared Shakelbow. "Here's a hole slap through the crown of my hat."

"Deuce take it all, young gentlemen," said the seconds, advancing, "why, you are not fit to be trusted with firearms. You'll do some terrible mischief some day. You have nearly shot us both."

"Bless me," said Simple; "how singular! I am sure I followed your instructions."

"I suppose you shut your eyes then," said Shakelbow, "when you fired."

"Possibly. Is my opponent satisfied? An exchange of shots is perhaps as much as he requires."

"Exchange of shots!" exclaimed O'Brien. "You have made no exchange at all. You have narrowly missed killing us both."

"Better luck next time," said Tracey. "I suppose you mean us to have another shot then?"

"Certainly," said Shakelbow, "and this time at each other if you please. Keep your eyes open, and mind what you are about."

"I will if I can," said Tracey, as he observed his opponent was again ready; his own pistol being recharged and handed to him.

The seconds again withdrew some paces on either hand, this time a little more in the rear, and Shakespear again gave the signal—"One, two, three!" At the last word both the youngsters again stuck to their text, and down went both the seconds flat on their faces, to avoid the shots they saw in a moment must come their way. The Doctor absolutely roared with laughter, as the seconds jumped to their feet, the bullets having whistled over their heads. "Am I wanted?" he called out as loud as he could bawl.

"No, no," replied Shakespear.

"Shall we have another exchange of shots?" inquired Lieutenant Simple, as he saw the seconds approaching each other looking rather queer.

"No, no," replied O'Brien. "The affair has gone quite far enough, Mr. Shakespear; if your principal is satisfied, I think I can answer for mine."

From these specimens the reader will gather that Captain Curling's volume is lively, pleasant, and readable.

The Poor Relation. By Miss PARDOE. London: Hurst and Blackett.

MISS PARDOE has succeeded in composing a very agreeable and entertaining picture with materials which are for the most part neither new nor rare. The plot of *The Poor Relation* is as follows:—Horace, the younger of two brothers, goes to India to seek his fortune, leaving his elder brother, Sir Hercules Ashton, in the enjoyment of the paternal acres and the title. Sir Hercules, being what is called a *bon parti*, marries a lady of noble blood, the daughter of a peer, and, as is not unusual in such cases, is bullied down to the level of a country squire. "Blood" generally achieves the victory over flesh in such cases, and Lady Harriette Ashton is not the sort of person to abate one jot of her dignity when her own opinions and her own interests are concerned. From the beginning of the story to its end she presents one unvarying type of selfishness, arrogance, and intrigue. The family at Ashton Court consists of the worthy baronet, his wife, two young girls, and the hope of the family, Horace, a boy at Eton. The absence and silence of his only brother have touched some chords of feeling in the bosom of the burly squire, and, in spite of the violent opposition of Lady Harriette, for once he has had his way, and the boy is named after his absent uncle.

And now two very important personages come upon the scene. Letters from India arrive announcing the death of Horace Ashton, and that he has confided the care of his only child, a daughter, to his brother. The girl follows, accompanied by her nurse, or ayah; and Sir Hercules learns for the first time that his brother was wedded to an Indian princess, who died, leaving this only fruit of their union. With this child come stores of rich Indian fabrics, shawls, gauzes, and the like, and a letter and a will in the handwriting of Horace, in which he intrusts his daughter and his property to the care of his brother. Previous to the mention of the property, Lady Harriette's reception of her little niece had been anything but cordial; but this produced a total change in her view of affairs. Golden visions now rise upon Lady Harriette's mental vision; upon the few vague words in Horace Ashton's letter she builds a splendid castle in the air, to be tenanted years hence by her darling son Horace with his cousin, heiress to a million, as his bride.

When, however, a few months bring fresh advices from India, and it appears that Horace Ashton's agent in Calcutta is absent, and subsequently that he dies without leaving any trace of his principal's wealth, another strong revulsion takes place in the mind of the worldly woman. Poor little Ella, whose only wealth is now apparently confined to the proceeds of the shawls and jewels brought with her, is reduced into the condition of a poor relation in the household of her uncle. Sir Hercules, kindly disposed to her naturally, is too indolent to perceive, and too much accustomed to defer to his wife if he did perceive, the tyranny to which the poor little dependent is subjected. She is educated with her cousins, and apparently enjoys what are called the same advantages; but distinctions are drawn and obstacles thrown in the way of "the poor relation," which only such women as Lady Harriette know how to invent and apply. But Ella has a bright intellect and a loveable disposition, and quickly wins the affections of the governess and masters who superintend their education. In the former, Mme. Despreaux, an amiable warmhearted Frenchwoman, she finds a close friend and zealous protector. The result is that, in spite of all Lady Harriette's endeavours to keep her back, the

little Indian flower blooms and expands, and far exceeds her cousins both in the beauty of her person and the cultivation of her mind. All this is gall and wormwood to Lady Harriette, whose displeasure rises into fury when her darling Horace takes the unfilial liberty of falling in love with his penniless cousin. The struggles and difficulties into which this complicated position involves all the persons in the drama; the intrigues of Lady Harriette; the patient, silent suffering of the orphan; the weak vacillation of Sir Hercules, who alternates between a condition of feeble imbecility and an occasional outbreak of resistance against his wife's manoeuvres; the passion of young Horace, and his spirited opposition to his mother; the gradual decadence of the family into pecuniary difficulties through the effects of Lady Harriette's ostentation—these are the materials out of which the plot proceeds, until it culminates in the discovery of papers which make poor Ella a great heiress, and unite her to her cousin, now ennobled by the death of his mother's father and his own accession to the title.

It would be useless to deny that there are some incongruities in the manner in which Miss Pardoe has dealt with the ordinary affairs of life. The concealment of Horace Ashton's property for so long a time, however necessary to the conduct of the story, is an accident scarcely likely to occur in the manner she has described; and the succession to the peerage which enables young Horace to take the title only by the consent of his mother is not very clear; yet these are blemishes which we can readily consent to overlook, where there is so much that is really good and admirable. The character of Lady Harriette, unamiable as it is, is perfectly natural and consistent; whilst that of Sir Hercules is so lifelike that we almost suspect it of being drawn from nature. Ella herself is, like most heroines in a novel, a little too angelic to be human; but we suppose that perfection is as necessary a qualification in interesting young female martyrs of the nineteenth century as piety was among the saints of old. Young Horace is the very *beau idéal* of an impetuous, warm-hearted young English gentleman; and of the minor characters, such as the two Misses Ashton, the Ayah, Mme. Despreaux, and Mr. Goldsworthy, it may be said that they are well composed, and fittingly maintain their allotted places in the drama. Of the style in which the story is written, it may with justice be said that it is free, graceful, and correct; and it is not too much to say that this work merits a very high place among the novels of the season.

Hygiene, or Health as depending upon the Condition of the Atmosphere, Food and Drink, Sleep and Wakefulness, &c. &c. By JOSEPH PICKFORD, M.D. London: Churchill.

WE apprehend that a large number of those who shall be tempted to purchase the present volume, by its inviting title, may have to complain of their bargain on the very threshold of its contents, when they find that of the 270 pages of which the text consists, not fewer than 150—that is, more than half the volume—are occupied by an ordinary, though succinct, treatise on "Meteorology," such as one expects to meet with in a treatise on natural philosophy, whether of Arnot's or Golden Bird's or any one else, in encyclopedias also, or even in the "British Almanac;" for Dr. Pickford has poached on all those territories, and compiled an essay of two long chapters on certain natural elementary phenomena, which have no direct bearing on hygiene or the art of preserving the public health. For instance, under the head of "The Atmosphere," he proceeds to tell us the form of the earth, its density, the nature of its revolutions, and their numerical velocity; he describes the atmosphere by which it is surrounded, with its physical and chemical characters, its accidental ingredients as well as its contaminations, and presence of foreign bodies, viz., aerolites. Then we have a whole physical treatise on the weight of the atmosphere, illustrated by algebraic formulæ, descriptions of barometers and thermometers, and an interminable string of references to authorities of the very highest class who have written on all these and many hundred subjects—immortal works that have nothing to do with hygiene. All this display of erudition is creditable to Dr. Pickford's industry and, we readily concede, to his ingenuity also, in setting it forth in simple, laconic, and very intelligible language; but in our mind, as it is not hygiene, it ought not to have found its way here; and the volume, with directions and

instructions for the latter useful branch of state medicine, would then have been more accessible, because cheaper, than under its present form. Now, we would soberly ask Dr. Pickford, of what possible use can it be to the pupil he is desirous to instruct in the laws of hygiene to learn the classification and odd nomenclature of the clouds copied from Luke Howard? or to be told of the size of rain-drops—the beauty and variety of snow-crystals—the manner in which rainbows are formed? or, lastly, how we can prognosticate the sort of weather to come, or the occurrence of particular events in the world, good or bad, from the appearance of three suns as seen by Edward the Fourth, who inferred success from the phenomena, to that of the five mock moons which followed Prince Arthur's death, as sung by the bard of Avon?

They say five moons were seen to-night,
Four fixed, and the fourth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

Now all this is really *à propos des bottes* in a work on the art of maintaining and improving the public health.

The manner in which the author, in his second chapter, has treated of the seasons and the weather is less questionable, though even here *minutiae* of elementary principles are given which the "British Almanac" yearly places at the disposal of every English reader—such as the recondite fact that "the year is divided into four seasons, called Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, and that the number of days in the year is 365!" and so on of many more such.

But there are other, and not few, redeeming features in the same chapter, which will render its perusal agreeably profitable to the reader. We allude especially to the successive analyses of the physical phenomena of each quarter of the year, and their bearing on or connection with the most prevalent disorders of the human frame. The facts collected on this matter by Dr. Pickford are numerous and interesting, and will amply repay perusal.

We now come at last, having gone through more than half the volume, to questions of physiology more immediately referring to the laws of hygiene, though even here the author sins in his mode of treating the subject, inasmuch as he begins from the very Alpha of animal physiology, forgetting all along (as he had done from the commencement of his volume) that a treatise on hygiene is supposed to be addressed to medical men, who are already masters—thorough masters, indeed, they should be—from education, reading, and experience, of every branch of medical science, without which they never could undertake to follow with success the laws and principles laid down in a work on "hygiene." We contend that all that Dr. Pickford has here set down under the heads of respiration and circulation is pure physiology, and that a physician or surgeon who wishes to master the specific rules and duties of a hygeist from any *bona fide* treatise on that subject, should set to his work already prepared and imbued with all such elementary details and scientific knowledge with which the author, by an uncalled-for interpolation, has overlaid his treatise on hygiene.

Under the head of Respiration the reader will cull many curious and interesting facts and data, very few of which, however, have any reference to hygiene. Again, treating of the phenomenon of life next in importance, "Circulation," Dr. Pickford makes a display of erudition which many of his readers will welcome if they happen never to have opened a volume on physiology. There are points, however, which throw considerable light on the art of preserving public health. This is especially the case when the author treats of the blood, the chemistry of respiration, and animal heat. But as these are, like most of the other truisms contained in this volume, mere compilations from well-known writers, and as no original view is propounded by the author himself, we deem it unnecessary to give any quotation from his pages.

We now meet, in chapter four, some of the first and real subjects connected with hygiene. Besides Infection and Contagion generally, we find here defined in the author's lucid manner the subjects of miasma and malaria, which lead to the consideration of cholera and choleraic atmosphere. What information (and it is very full) Dr. Pickford has collected under the head of "Marsh Miasm," is especially valuable, exhibiting as it does, in the fullest manner, the extent of knowledge we possess on that subject at present.

Of Drains, Sewers, Ditches, and Cesspools, the

next papers in Dr. Pickford's volume, as well as that of the impurity of the Thames, so much has been written in our days that we deem it unnecessary to do more than simply allude to them. We always felt that great injustice has been done to that society of philanthropic gentlemen anxious to purify the water of the Thames who in 1836, many years before the sanitary movement began in England, investigated, at their own expense, that great question in connection with hygiene and the production of a most important manure. The Thames Improvement Company, presided over by the present Duke of Grafton, preceded every other private or public association intent on improving the condition of our tidal river; and their printed report, drawn up by one of their secretaries, Dr. Granville, containing a series of papers on hygienic subjects connected with the purification of the Thames; also a second report of an extended journey performed with a similar object all over the Continent, by the same writer, will be found to have anticipated not only the principal notions since proclaimed as original, but likewise the draining process of double intercepting sewers, which forms the theme of the disputes between the Board of Works and the First Commissioner of Public Works. No allusion whatever is ever made to these antecedent labours and investigations by more modern writers; and, accordingly, we are not surprised to find them overlooked or ignored also by Dr. Pickford. Yet the House of Commons did not consider them valueless, since they ordered all Dr. Granville's reports and documents to be reprinted on the occasion of Mr. Chadwick's Bill for a Metropolitan Manure Company, or some such speculation. "Ventilation" is the title of the fifth chapter. It is fully and ably treated, not omitting the discussion of the recently notorious topics of barrack ventilation, with its exaggerated evils and inconveniences. "Climate comes next; but in neither this nor in the preceding chapter does the author offer us any original view or suggestion of his own. Indeed, his modesty or chariness in this respect throughout his volume is as remarkable as his industry in collecting together materials from every accessible source of information.

The truly hygienic portion of the volume in fact, or the most important part of it, like the postscript of a woman's letter, is in the last or seventh chapter, where the relation between climate and disease is ably handled. Referring to the climate of the principal places of resort for invalids in England, Dr. Pickford has confined himself to a superficial repetition of what he found in Sir James Clark's work on climate. There was another much more extended work on the climate and comparative advantages of all such localities in this country, which Dr. Pickford might have quoted without detriment to his subject; but perhaps he had never read "The Spas of England."

Les Moines de Kilcrea: Poème-Ballade. Traduit de l'Anglais par LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN. London: B. M. Pickering.—That indefatigable homme de lettres, the Chevalier de Chatelain, has here added another to the already large collection of excellent interpretations of English literature into French. The translations of Gay's fables, Chaucer's Tales, and Professor Longfellow's "Evangeline," have already earned golden opinions among us for the intelligent, graceful, and comprehensive manner in which he has rendered those works, and any contribution from his pen in this kind must ever be welcome. We are not acquainted with the history of "The Monks of Kilcrea;" but the Chevalier explains that in 1851 the poem appeared in the columns of the *Nation*, then edited by Mr. Duffy, and that he was so struck with its quaintness and beauty that he determined to attempt the translation of it. In doing this he was compelled to abandon the octo-syllabic metre which, as he says, gives such a charm to the original—that being a metre which, owing to the peculiarities of French idiom, not even the genius of Voltaire could utilise. As we have not the original before us, and have never yet perused it, (although, as the Chevalier informs us, it was published in a separate form about six years ago,) we cannot offer an opinion upon the accuracy of the translation, but to the elegance of the French version we can bear willing testimony. The plan of *Les Moines de Kilcrea* is not very complex. Three monks are seated by a bogwood fire. By the way, is the Chevalier correct in translating bogwood, which is the bog oak, wood buried in the bogs and semi-carbonised, as *bois de marais*? We ask merely for information. Careful of the creature-comforts, our three monks seat themselves to a supper of wine, game, and fresh fish from the pond, when lo! a knock at the gate, and "a Saxon" enters; then another, and an individual whom the Chevalier calls "un

Rapparee," (presumably "a rapparee;") finally a third knock, and a minstrel presents himself. What usually follows in all such cases speedily ensues: each traveller insists upon telling his story, the Monks of Kilcrea being the audience. The Saxon first relates his story, which is by far the shortest of the three; but at its conclusion one of the monks recognises in him a former rival, who, as he thought, had perished by his hand. The Minstrel's story is somewhat longer, and this is followed by that of the Rapparee, the last ending with a recognition of a mortal enemy in one of the monks. This discovery proves too much for the unhappy Rapparee, who bursts a blood-vessel in consequence, and expires with forgiveness on his lips in the arms of his former foe. Such is the outline of the story of "The Monks of Kilcrea." Whether it merits the pains which the Chevalier de Chatelain has expended upon it is a point which we shall reserve until we have had an opportunity of examining the original.

The Encyclopædia Britannica. Eighth Edition. Vol. XVI. (Edinburgh and London: A. and C. Black.)—A few days ago a letter appeared in the *Times* complaining of the irregularity in the publication of this great work. So far from there being any just grounds for such a complaint, the regularity of its issue has been a special ground of commendation with the reviewers, and subscribers. Not merely is it without precedent among great encyclopædias, but we venture to say that no dictionary, however small, introduced to the world in a periodical form, ever before presented itself so rapidly and with such little delay as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. If it had taken double the time the results would have been worth waiting for, seeing that it gives us all human knowledge, so far as it has reached at this time, supplied in each department by the men most versed in it. This volume extends to the word "Ornithology," so that the work is fast advancing towards completion. It is full of articles of great worth and importance. In science and art we find papers on Navigation, by Dr. Woolley; on Optics, by Sir David Brewster; on Odontology, by Dr. Owen; on Ornithology, by Mr. J. Wilson.—In geography, Mr. Barrow has contributed Norway; Mr. Thornton, Neapaul; New York, by Mr. T. Hunt; New Zealand, by the Rev. W. B. Boyce; Nicaragua, by Mr. Squier; Nile, by Mr. Melley; Nineveh, by Mr. Layard; and North-west Provinces of India, by Mr. Eastwick.—In philosophy, history, and general literature, we find an essay on the Navy, by Mr. J. Barrow; on Neutrality, by Mr. J. R. McCulloch; Newspapers, by Mr. E. Edwards; Numismatics, by Mr. Pooley; Organ, by Mr. Graham—and in biography, memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton, by Sir D. Brewster; Niebuhr, by the Rev. C. Merivale; Oken, by Dr. Owen; and Oehlenschläger, by Mr. T. Martin. A number of large steel engravings and woodcuts, interspersed in the text, illustrate this great national work.

The Defence of Cawnpore. By Lieut.-Col. JOHN ADYE, C.B. (Longmans.)—ought perhaps to have been styled "The Defence of General Windham" rather than that of Cawnpore. It contains a statement of the operations at Cawnpore during the month of November, when General Windham (the hero of the Redan) was in command there, and the attack of the mutineers of the Gwalior Contingent resulted in a repulse, and the loss by the British of a great part of their tents and baggage. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the tone of Sir Colin Campbell's dispatch announcing that disaster was considered to imply no small dissatisfaction at the conduct of the General; although by a subsequent and supplementary note the Commander-in-Chief warmly acknowledged the great difficulties with which both the defending force at Cawnpore and its officer had been called upon to contend. It is a fact, however, to be noted that after this disaster General Windham was removed from the scene of active operations, and has not since returned to the scene of action. Perhaps, under all the circumstances, it would have been better for the General's friends to have relied upon the reputation which he acquired as a brave soldier in the Crimea, and to have deferred the defence of his fame as a tactician until the return of Sir Colin Campbell, certainly the most important witness in the matter. The book contains a plan of the positions around Cawnpore, and an outline map of the surrounding country.

Remarks on the Berkeleyan or Immaterial Theory. By G. H. WOOD. (Douglas: Printed by H. Curphay.)—The object of this pamphlet appears to be the support of Bishop Berkeley's paradoxical theory as to the non-existence of matter—a theory which Swift disposed of with a joke, and which we had hitherto supposed to be treated only as a joke by thinking men. Mr. Wood, however, as it appears from these pages, is a zealous Berkeleyan, and urges the theory, if not forcibly, at least with much insistence. The great feather in the good Bishop's cap is, in his opinion, the conversion of Shelley, who by the immaterial theory was converted from Atheism to Theism. Whether the changes of a young, plastic, immature, and highly imaginative mind can be taken in proof of anything but the instability of opinion, is a speculation into which we must decline to enter; but it needs, we feel bound to say, an abler logician than Mr. Wood to persuade us into reviving

a fallacy which we have been accustomed to regard as exploded.

The Butterfly Vivarium; or, Insect Home. By NOEL HUMPHREYS. (London: Wm. Lay.)—This is another of the beautiful volumes in connection with which the name of Mr. Noel Humphreys has long been known, and will be welcomed by all who are acquainted with "The British Moths" or "Ocean Gardens." The object is to teach students how to manage a vivarium so as to keep it stocked with larvæ and butterflies in a healthy state. The names of the most beautiful and suitable insects for the purpose are given, and the book is splendidly illustrated with well-executed coloured engravings. As a present to the student and the possessor of a vivarium, nothing could be more elegant and appropriate.

Tales from Blackwood. No. 4. (London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood and Sons.)—The present instalment consists of Major Hamley's story, "Lazaro's Legacy," from the number for December 1851; Dr. Maginn's "Story without a Tail," in the number for April 1854; and "The Enchanter Faustus and Queen Elizabeth," in that for August 1852. The second is perhaps the best story without a point that was ever told.

Practical Rhine Guide. By an Englishman Abroad. (Longmans.)—This is another of the excellent series of cheap and handy guide books now issuing by Messrs. Longmans. The *Practical Swiss Guide* noticed in our last impression belonged to the same series; and as we said of that, so we say of this, that it contains everything a traveller wishes or needs to know. A map of routes, very clearly engraved, is given.

A Canto on Cant. By a Cantab. (London: J. R. Taylor.)—The work of a very silly fellow, who, in professing a detestation for cant, falls into the errors of nonsense and vulgarity. Among other persons who have roused his indignation are "the critics," who are indeed rather entitled to his gratitude than his abuse. For if their notice of him has been condemnatory, they have at least taken some, which is more than he merits.

Bentley's. Conservative in tendency, inaugurates the forty-fourth volume with a congratulatory address upon the return of the country party to power. In another part of the number is a well-written article on "Palmerston and his policy," containing a severe but logical analysis of the career of the fallen statesman. There is an interesting and appreciative article on "Eugene Sue, his life and works."

Blackwood's for the month opens with an article on the mortality in the army, entitled "The Soldier and the Surgeon," followed by the fifth of the series of papers upon the Indian Mutinies. The novel by the brilliant Secretary for the Colonies is continued with a spirit which clearly proves that his mind is not weighed down by the cares of office. The *Lucknow Diary*, A Plea for the Principalities, and the first number of a new tale entitled "My First and Last Novel," follow *en suite*. Last come two short papers, which, short as they are, must be pronounced the salt of the number—every line in either of them bristling with point and redolent of the humour of Aytoun. The first of these is termed "The Great Imposture." It is an exposure of the great Whig humbug, and will tend to convince any believer in Lord Palmerston (*s'il y en a*) that that spirited Foreign Minister is not and never was a Liberal. The other is as capital a caricature and parody of Mr. Ruskin's "Notes on the Royal Academy" as it is possible to conceive. It is entitled "Mr. Dusky's Opinions on Art," and every peculiarity, however strange, every absurdity, however monstrous, is mimicked in the happiest manner. And what gives the sharpest sting to the satire is, that the covert condemnation hidden beneath all this jocularity is entirely merited.

Guide for Travellers in Egypt and Adjacent Countries subject to the Pacha. Translated from the German of Dr. MORITZ BUSCH by W. C. WRANKMORE. (London: Trübner and Co.)—This handbook, which in its German form appeared under the sanction of the officials of the Austrian Lloyd, is the most practical and useful handbook of Egypt which we have ever seen. The general introduction contains a fund of advice and information likely to prove of the greatest utility to Oriental travellers—notes upon routes, necessities for outfits, sanitary rules to be observed on the voyage, and special information as to hotels and modes of conveyance. To this succeed time-tables of the different sections and branches of the journey, and then a brief but comprehensive account of Egypt, past and present, sufficiently, indeed handsomely, illustrated by fourteen well executed steel engravings and a plan of Cairo. The dimensions of the volume are not equal to those of our own "Bradshaw," and may find a place, without inconvenience, in the smallest kit.

The Scholar and the Trooper; or, Oxford during the Great Rebellion. By the Rev. W. E. HEYGATE, M.A. (Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Parker.)—This is a second tale of the Great Civil War from the pen of Mr. Heygate, the author of "Sir Henry Appleton, or Essex during the Great Rebellion," which we noticed last year. It includes the period between the King's entry into Oxford in 1645 and the capitulation of the city in 1646, and is put forth as an attempt to make that portion of history which it embraces more living to those who may peruse it. Mr. Heygate has very satisfactorily fulfilled his intention; he possesses

a perfect acquaintance with the political and domestic history of the time; and the work, which is well written, may be safely recommended as combining a faithful relation of historical events with a pleasing and instructive fictitious narrative.

Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical. By Mrs. JAMESON. (London: Saunders and Otley.)—There is little need to do more than record the fact of this new edition of Mrs. Jameson's volumes on the characteristics of her sex, as exemplified in such types as the heroines of Shakspeare afford. Like all this lady's writings, this work is graceful and thoroughly feminine. It is now published with great luxury of type, paper, and binding, and is beautifully illustrated with plates from the authoress's own designs.

The Englishwoman's Journal for the month contains some useful and instructive articles, from among which may be specified one on Woman's Work in the Reformatory Movement; a picture (photographic in its details) of A Dressmaker's Life; and a most interesting account of Female Industrial Employments in the South of Ireland.

Among a mass of miscellaneous pamphlets which we have received, upon various subjects of general interest, are *Principles of Animal Nutrition*. By GEORGE H. BOLTON. (Liverpool: Benson and Mallet)—pointing out the principles which are developed by observing the effects of different kinds of food upon the horse, cattle, swine and sheep.—*Sanitary Science: its Past and Present State*. By W. T. ROBINSON, M.D. (London: Walton and Maberly.) Being the Address in Medicine delivered at the twenty-fifth meeting of the Medical Association, held last year at Nottingham, and printed at the special request of the Association; containing a history of the principal sanitary measures which have been adopted, and calling attention to existing evils.—*An Address to Masters and Journeymen Bakers*.

By A. BAKER. (London: Printed by W. H. Myers.)

—This pamphlet, which is dedicated to the General Board of Health, is an explanation of Mr. E. Stevens's plan for making bread by machinery, so as to avoid the uncleanly use of human hands and feet in kneading the dough. The efficacy of Mr. Stevens's method has already been demonstrated by experiments at the Polytechnic Institution, and as a simple and excellent plan it cannot be surpassed.—*Facts and Fallacies of the Sewage System of London*. By JASPER W. ROGERS, C.E. (London: Atchley and Co.)—A pamphlet which merits, and will doubtless receive, the closest attention at this time, when the minds of all classes are directed to the subject. It is filled with sensible views, and in no respect do we more thoroughly agree with it than when it recommends the extension of public accommodation, which until latterly the prudery of the nation has rejected. Mr. Rogers pronounces against the carrying of a main sewer towards the sea, and in favour of a system of purification and filtration at the mouths of the sewers.—*Practical Hints upon the Administration of Galvanism for the Treatment of Disease*. By H. W. LOBB, Esq. (London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) advises and comments upon the uses of galvanism as a therapeutic agent.—*Matter and Mind, their Connection*. (T. Holyoake.)—A speculation upon the not very intelligible question of whether mind is subject or not to the laws of gravitation, of which neither the use nor the meaning is very apparent.—*Aspiration, and the Articles "A and An"*. By JAMES JOHNSON. (London: Owen and Co.)—A humorous, and to those who need its admonitions useful, disquisition as to the use and abuse of the letter H and the indefinite article.—*The Government of India, as it has been, as it is, and as it ought to be*. (R. Hardwicke.)—Another of the thousand and one pamphlets already printed upon this exhaustless topic. The author accuses our past govern-

ment of India of cruelty, jobbing, and oppression, and appeals to the British nation on behalf of the present inhabitants of India for equity and mercy.—*Speech of the Solicitor-General, in Opposition to Mr. Cardwell's Motion*. (London: J. R. Taylor.)—A fourth edition of Sir Hugh Cairns's admirable speech of the 14th of May 1858, which first made him famous to Europe, and proved that in him the present Government has a supporter of uncommon ability.—*A Periodic General Meeting of Representatives of the Whole British Empire, including in its Results the Right Government of India*. (London: James Blackwood.)—This recommends her Majesty to call together representatives of all parts of her dominions and classes of her subjects, for the purpose of discussing questions affecting the general weal of the empire. The power of the Imperial Parliament is to remain intact. The representatives are to be chosen from the Parliament, the Colonies, and Dependencies; the travelling expenses of the delegates are to be defrayed by the Imperial Government; but the meeting is not to have any legislative or binding power over the empire. May we not therefore ask, *Cui bono?*—*The Inherent Evils of all State Governments Demonstrated*. (Holyoake.)—This is a reprint of Burke's essay, by some thought to be satirical, "A Vindication of Natural Society," with notes and a copious appendix.—*A Word of Philip Drunk; A Word to Philip Sad; and A Word for Philip Sober*. By the Rev. C. F. WATKINS. (Northampton: Printed by J. Butterfield.)—It is unfortunate for the reverend author of this pamphlet that he did not print it in 1854, when (so at least the first page tells us) it was written. It contains some remarkably shrewd views upon European politics, which events subsequent to 1854 have fully verified. Again we say, what a pity they did not appear before. Under the circumstances, it is scarcely to be wondered at if in profane eyes the suspicion of being *ex post facto* attaches to them.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC IN PARIS.

ALBET the Seine is a small river compared to the Thames, and carries on its bosom no freighted merchantmen, the Parisians are not a little proud of it. And with reason. They can bathe in it, and rise from its waters purified, which is more, seemingly, than can be said of the waters of Father Thames. Fish live in it, and small boys may be seen angling for small fish all the day long. The fisherman casts his net under the very windows of the Emperor, and lands into his boat a draught of silver fishes. We can venture to drink its waters after filtration. Can any one dare such an experiment with the water of the Thames under similar circumstances? But the Seine has a beauty on its borders, all the way down to the sea, which has been denied the great river of England; and this is the season when the Parisian on his holiday goes forth to enjoy those beauties. His favourite spot is, perhaps, St. Cloud, or Asnières, with its woody islets, or St. Ouen, where he can picnic on the green sward, under the shadow of lofty trees, and play at four-corners with the damsels. But to these places the modern Parisian hies him for other purposes than picnicking and a dance on the green. He has become somewhat more aquatic in his predilections, and may be seen handling an oar or managing a sail. Almost every Sunday during the summer there is a regatta—a boat-race in wherries, similar to those used by the Westminster boys; but I cannot say whether the rowing would come up to the notions of the Westminster boy. We learn from a very pleasant little book, *Le Canotage en France*, that boating on the Seine—*sport nautique*, as it is called—did not exist thirty years ago. M. Léon Gatayer, who writes a portion of *Le Canotage en France*, gives us to understand that the first wherry which was seen on the Seine near the Pont Royal excited as much curiosity as the Giraffe, or as the Nautilus diving-bell does at the present moment. Alphonse Karr furnishes a charming preface to the work, entitled *Vie sur l'Eau*. The boaters, few in number at first, have greatly increased, and the "Cercle d'Asnières" is an institution nearly as important as the "Jockey Club," numbering among its members artists and authors, diplomatists and working men, dentists and journalists. In the early days of boating on the Seine, when the sculler went forth in his woollen shirt of red or gray, he was liable to be made the subject of unpleasant adventures. The country people stared at him as they would have stared at a savage, and if he was belated he had often to take refuge on one of the desert

islands of the river and retire to his bed of rushes supperless. M. Gatayer relates an adventure which happened to Alphonse Karr and a friend in by-gone days. They had rowed their boat to an inhospitable shore where now stand wine-shops and eating-houses without number. Hunger pressed the two navigators, and Karr sent his friend inland to make discoveries, himself remaining in charge of the boat. After waiting some time, and finding that his friend did not return, he decided on entering the country himself, and, bareheaded and in red woollen shirt, stepped ashore. At the moment the carriage of Louis-Philippe was approaching. Two gendarmes on horseback rode in advance to survey the route, and seeing all at once a man of strange figure rise from the river, who scaled the wall and looked anxiously about him right and left, they were down upon him in an instant. However, seeing him inoffensive and without arms, they stopped short; but as it was necessary to justify the attack they had made with such spirit, one of them apostrophised Karr in a menacing voice: "How is it—why—yes, why is it that you have not got a hat?" "Why?" replied Karr, "That is easy to tell you, gendarme! The Government gives you your hat; my hat I have to buy." The gendarmes turned bridle perfectly satisfied with this explanation.

The great event of the week for the sight-seeing Parisians has been the *fêtes* at Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy. As all the world appeared to be going in that direction, we thought to add another unit to the multitude in our own person. After a pleasant journey through a lovely country of wooded hills and patchwork fields, with evermore pleasant glimpses of the Seine, which, by the way, will be soon too shallow for steamers and the *canotage* if the present severe drought continues, we arrived in the ancient Rothomagus in time to witness the heralds, municipal guards, and the civic functionaries proceeding by torchlight to announce in the different quarters of the city the arrival of Louis XIV. on the following day. *Noël au Roi!* was lustily shouted, and we retired, to be prepared on the following day to be carried back to the year of grace 1650, when Louis was in his fourteenth year. Next day, Sunday, the sky was bright and cloudless. Banners, devices, and oriflammes of the most costly materials floated on the bridges, and depended from parapet and tower. The combination of colours was effected with a taste which it would be difficult to rival. At ten o'clock a cortège proceeded from the Hotel-de-Ville to the Champ-de-Mars, to await the arrival of his Majesty. First

came the mace-bearer and the sergeants-at-arms with their banners, next musicians and drummers who made fearful din, then a company of arquebusers, and a company of the Fifty, with flying banners, all in the costume of the period. It is evident that great care had been devoted to the matter of costume, and there was nothing tawdry or looking as if some Parisian Holywell-street had been taxed to supply the finery. After the Fifty rode the Marquis de Bevron, the king's lieutenant in the province of Normandy, and governor of the ancient palace. Then came M. de Varengeville, lieutenant-general of the *bailliage*. Pages were next seen carrying the keys of the city; then rode the king's procureur and the advocate of the aldermen. Squires, burgesses, and notables rode after these, and then in a splendid carriage Pierre and Thomas Corneille. Bannermen, and another company of the fifty civic guards closed this portion of the procession. In this order the Champ des Mars was reached, and all dismounted to await the arrival of the young King, who soon after made his appearance. On the arrival of the King, M. de Bevron and M. de Varengeville, attended by their squires, advanced to meet him. The King having dismounted, as also his brother and his prime minister, Mazarin, the monarch was conducted with much ceremony to his throne, which was dressed under a magnificent tent in front of the Carrousel. M. de Varengeville, at the King's order, made sign to the aldermen that they might advance. They approached the throne, where the senior alderman presented the King with the keys of the city, who, as matter of course, replied that they could not be in better keeping. The senior alderman then presented Pierre Corneille to Louis XIV. The King, taking a parchment which the Cardinal-Minister held, presented it to the great poet, saying: "The sovereign power is never truly strong unless it is supported by genius; it is for this that I name you my procureur-general for the states of the beautiful province of Normandy. You will contribute more than any one else to the glory of my reign." Corneille, who was ably personated by M. Gudot, the actor, then made a reply to the King in verse, which is too long to transcribe. We believe, however, that the poet would have written far better lines. The burgesses and aldermen then regained their horses and carriages, and the procession departed for the hôtel de ville, followed by the royal cortège. First came the heralds-at-arms, followed by the music of the mousquetaires; then M. de Saintot, grand master of the ceremonies of France. Next

marched an imposing body of mousquetaires fully armed, with their commander at their head. These were followed by the royal pages, and by a splendid dais, which the young monarch had modestly refused to avail himself of. He rode on horseback, having on his right hand Cardinal Mazarin, and on his left the Marshal de Villeroy. After them rode the King's brother, the Duke d'Elbeuf. Another body of mousquetaires then advanced, and the pages of the Queen-mother. The latter was seated in a magnificent coach, with her maids and ladies of honour. A very pretty young lady personified the Queen, and the glimpses that the crowd could get of her attendants satisfied them that they were no less beautiful. It was only glimpses that could be obtained; for the coachmaker, having disobeyed orders, provided a rather too close carriage for the display of royalty. The procession was closed by bodies of mousquetaires. It was altogether a fine sight, as the long procession wound along the ancient streets of Rouen. Every punctilio was rigidly attended to; and even as a theatrical representation it was not uninteresting. The only informality we could discover was in certain degenerate squires, who under formidable moustaches and gold-laced beavers obstinately smoked cigars. Along the line of march numerous *quêtes*, habited as headsmen, made collections for the poor. The *quête*-cap was of velvet, of different colours, suspended to the end of a rod, which enabled the collector to reach over the crowd. Contributions were received from the windows and balconies in a similar cap attached to the end of a long pole. A gilded car, destined to receive the contributions, and presided over by a young lady, who sat aloft in solitary state, formed part of the procession. Ladies too entered the crowd on the charitable mission, and copper and nobler metals rewarded their labours. It is calculated that the fête, which was produced at a great outlay, as nothing was wanting to give it *éclat*, will produce a very considerable fund for the poor of Rouen. The first day closed with a theatrical performance by artists from Paris. The piece was *Polyeucte*, in honour of Corneille. The town moreover was illuminated, and from eight o'clock to midnight there was an open-air ball in the square of the Hotel-de-Ville. It was reckoned that the population of the town had been more than doubled through the influx of strangers. Beds were at an enormous premium, and scores had to pass the night in the open air, to sleep if they could. Next day, Monday, there was a carrousel and tourney, and the successful knights—officers and sub-officers of the 8th Chasseurs—were rewarded at the hands of fair ladies. Much more we might tell about the tilting on the water, where victor and vanquished tumbled often together into the stream; and about the climbing poles and the greased bowsprit. The prizeman in this feat had many a sound ducking before he succeeded. Then there were duck races, and balloons, and an open-air concert, and fireworks; and then the old town began to empty itself. The population was a study. The Norman type of countenance predominated, and but for the foreign speech and strange caps of the countrywomen you might have fancied that you had seen them before in an English market town. We lost nothing by the Norman invasion. We had indeed a gain in the introduction of Norman blood and beauty. The race is still a fine one, and contrasts favourably with the Frankish races farther up the country. The conduct of the people was commendable; no unmanly squeezing and crushing and elbowing to obtain a better standing-place, and no instance of an intoxicated man or woman was discernible. The antiquary could spend a pleasant week in Rouen and its vicinity. The bulk of the houses are at least as old as the time of Louis XIV., and this circumstance gave greater effect to the procession. On one door, carved in wood, we read the date 1621. Then there is the old cathedral with its noble façade, and wonderful cast-iron spire, still unfinished. In one of the chapels may still be seen the stone effigy of the good Duke Rollo. The churches of St. Owen and St. Maclon possess also great architectural and historical interest. The palace of the Dukes of Normandy and its magnificent hall is open to every visitor. Close by is the spot where our ancestors, to their eternal disgrace, burnt alive poor Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans. There are still to be seen the remains of the old Priory of St. Paul, the patriarch of all the monuments of this Neustrian

city—venerable relics on which rests the weight of nine centuries. We have here, too, the Bois de Thuringe, to remind us of the siege of Rouen by the King of Navarre in 1591. It was on the borders of this wood where were planted the cannon of Henry, who, in order to place the crown of France upon his head, and to give his good people the facility of putting a pullet in the pot, found himself under the dire necessity of commencing by bombarding them a little. Ascend the hill above St. Paul's and you reach the pretty show-box church of Notre-Dame de Bonsecours. It would excite the envy of your English revivalists of fresco, stained glass, and the ogival, and provoke the criticism of the purists. But beneath you lies a glorious landscape which amply repays the toil of the ascent; and look abroad upon yonder undulating line of hills, and possibly your eye may discover on the crest of one of them the last vestiges of the sombre chateau of Robert le Diable.

Ce maudit garnement à Lucifer promis,
Et qui, pour ses méfaits, s'exila du pays!

But now we must take leave of Normandy.

The composers of Paris, encouraged by the success attending the composers' library and reading-room in London, are endeavouring to found a similar institution. In this they conceive they will not have to encounter any serious difficulty. Authors, they believe, would willingly give two copies of such works as pass through their hands. The booksellers would contribute dictionaries, books of reference, and copies of the French classics. The composers' library would soon be formed, and the *chefs-d'œuvre* of ancient French literature would take their place beside the productions of modern times. The sale of one of the two copies they calculate would defray all the expenses of the institution and its administration, and leave a fund for the purchase of English, French, and Italian works necessary for the improvement of composers who are devoted to the study of languages. As to journals, reviews, and other periodical publications, they would obtain them gratuitously in the same manner as the books. This would appear to be falling back on the ancient usages of the printing-house only. Of those three copies called *copies de chapelle*, two copies belonged to the composers, among whom they were divided at the end of the year. But among the French the spirit of association is still in its infancy. We trust, however, the Parisian composers will succeed in their undertaking.

Manzoni, we are glad to hear, has recovered, and thanksgivings were rendered in the Church of St. Mary at Milan on two days last week on that account.

Dumas senior, instead of going to the Mediterranean, has gone, it is said, to the head of the Gulf of Finland to visit the city of the Czar.

The frescoes in the ancient Church of St. Germain-aux-Prés, commenced by the historical painter M. Flandrin, are rapidly approaching towards completion. In a few weeks we hope to find the scaffolding removed.

The ancient tower built by Pepin on the site of the Temple of Isis has been repaired, but not altogether to the satisfaction of the antiquaries. Next to the Palace of the Thermes this tower should be one of the oldest monuments of Paris.

We read in *La Patrie* that the Royal Library of Munich has repeated a folly which was committed by the authorities of the British Museum some quarter of a century ago, in selling its duplicates. The Library of Munich, one of the richest in Germany, was founded by Duke Albert V. of Bavaria in the sixteenth century. At the beginning of the seventeenth it had only 17,046 volumes. It was the Elector Ferdinand Maria who compelled the booksellers to deposit gratuitously a copy of every work published by them. Under King Joseph Maximilian (1803) it was increased by the spoils of the convents. To Ludwig I., however, the library was under the greatest obligations. He erected the splendid building in which the library is now contained. The number of printed books there is 800,000, of which 13,000 are incunables, and 300,000 pamphlets. The manuscripts are in number 220,000. Admission is obtained by ticket, as in London. Works of light literature and amusement, even translations of the classics and elementary books, are no longer to be issued, the library being destined only to serious reading. The library has an annual increase of from 2000 to 3000 volumes. There is a catalogue of all the works accessible to the public, and a *catalogue méthodique* is in preparation.

We must not forget our German friends, even when they write nonsense. L. G. Neumann, for example, has brought out a volume of "Drinking Songs,"—*Trinklieder*. There is an old question among the Germans, "What is the difference between a wise man and a fool?" The answer is, "A couple of wine stoups." On the title-page of this work there is an engraving of a bottle, a cup, and a glass. The bottle looks as if it were half full of wine—a doubtful matter. But there is no doubt about it that among the "Drinking Songs" there is no sparkling wine, no humour. Youth, manhood, old age, are represented by beer, wine, and brandy—

Wenn du jung dich fühlst,
Magst du gern und oft der Bierkrug heben;
Schließest dich die Jugend zu,
Stärke dich am Saft der Reben;
Und als Greis magst du
Mit Ruh dem Gebrannten dich ergeben.

Dr. Ernst Guhl's work is not a nonsensical one—*Die Frauen in der Kunstgeschichte* (Woman in the History of Art): on the contrary, it is very sensible, and one that will bear reading. *Bar-Cochba, der letzte Judenkonig*, is a poem by Karl Heigel. The scene is laid between the years 133 and 135, in the reign of the Emperor Adrian, when the Jews made their last patriotic effort to recover their independence. *Neue Lieder des Leids*, by L. Kiel, is, to our taste, rather a watery-eyed book. We are treated to such lines as the following:—

Meine Liebe schläft nun in dem stillen Grab,
Dort will ich auch einstens ruhn in demselben Grab!

and,

Schlaf in Frieden denn, du Leib,
In der kühlen Gräbt,
Bis der Herr, an dich ich gläub',
Dich zum Leben ruft!

Lastly, to mention a tale—*Die Tochter des Wilddiebes* (The Robber's Daughter), said to be founded on facts, is as wild and terrible as the heart of the romance reader could desire. But the tale has higher pretensions than entertainment: it seeks to develop a highly interesting social-political question.—1st July.

Der K. K. österreichische Feldmarschall, Graf Radetzky: eine biographische Skizze, nach den eigenen Dictaten und der Correspondenz des Feldmarschalls. Von einem österreichischen Veteranen. (The Austrian Field-Marshal Count Radetzky: a biographical sketch from the Dictation and Correspondence of the Field-Marshal. By an Austrian Veteran.) Stuttgart and Augsburg: J. G. Cotta. 1858.

Under the designation of "An Austrian Veteran," the late General von Schönhals published a really interesting volume of "Reminiscences of the Italian War of 1848-9." The author of this sketch of Radetzky has borrowed the literary "style" of Schönhals, but he is much less of an historical artist, and much more of a mere book-maker. Though living in intimacy with Radetzky, who furnished him with the materials for the earlier sections of his work, the Austrian veteran of 1858 has comparatively little to tell us of the private life and personal peculiarities of the brave and skilful Field-Marshal. It is for the most part a purely military "life and times" of Radetzky that now invites our attention. Nevertheless the work is not without interest, as the first, and probably the last, authentic biography of a famous soldier. Radetzky preserved for a time to the Austrian Kaiser his Italian provinces. He spent three quarters of a century in the military service of Austria, and was a prominent actor in the campaigns of an empire which has few such distinguished and honourable servants to boast of. Radetzky's career is unmarked by the cold cruelty of Austria's other and modern military notabilities, men like Windischgrätz and Haynau. In character he appears to have somewhat resembled our own Duke of Wellington. For several reasons, he will live long in the military history of his own country, and as the Austrian commander-in-chief in Italy during the revolutionary years 1848-9 he may live for some time in the history of general Europe.

The Radetzky family was a noble Hungarian family who in the fourteenth century migrated to Bohemia, intermarrying with the Kaunitzes and Waldsteins, and furnishing officials and officers to the civil and military services of Austria. The Radetzky was born at Castle Trebnitz, in Bohemia, on the 2nd of November 1766; he died only last January; thus, had providence spared him for another eight years, the old Field-Marshal would have been a centenarian. At school the future warrior

was distinguished by his display of the military virtue of obedience, and by his passionate love for the biographies of the hero-conquerors of antiquity—Philip, Alexander, Hannibal, Scipio, and Caesar. At seventeen he entered the Austrian service, and made three campaigns against those Turks whose "integrity and independence" are now so dear to Austria. The breaking out of the French revolutionary war found him on the staff of Beaulieu, of whose defeats in Italy he was destined to be afterwards a witness. By 1796 Radetzky had so distinguished himself as a brave and energetic officer, that old Beaulieu, then nominated to the chief command of the Austrian army in Italy, appointed him adjutant of the forces. 1809 saw Metternich Austria's foreign minister, and Radetzky chief of its military staff. His promotion was partly owing to Metternich's influence, and thenceforward the two co-operated heartily in opposition to the domination of France. In this high position Radetzky was a prominent man in the anti-Napoleonic campaigns of 1813-14, under Prince Schwarzenberg, the Austrian generalissimo of the Allies. The Hundred Days, however, saw the now Field-Marshal-Lieutenant Radetzky in Italy, and he had no share in the glories of Waterloo.

The interval between the battle of Waterloo and the July revolution of 1830 was spent by Radetzky in a succession of high military posts, with occasional parentheses of retirement devoted to the theoretical and historical study of military affairs. The Three Days alarmed Austria into reinforcing her Italian army, the new commander of which, Baron Frimont, begged for the co-operation of his old brother-in-arms, Radetzky. Shortly afterwards Frimont was appointed head of the War Office at Vienna, and Radetzky succeeded to the Italian command which has chiefly made him famous. For the next sixteen years Radetzky devoted himself to disciplining and maneuvering the Austrian army in Italy. Foreign sovereigns sent their generals to Italy to learn from Radetzky. For years before the great outbreak of 1848, Radetzky insisted with the cabinet of Vienna on the necessity of fortifying the Austrian strongholds in Italy and on increasing the army in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. But the finances of Austria were then, as now, in a shattered state, and Radetzky's remonstrances were met with neglect. At last came the outbreak of 1848. Radetzky, now a Field-Marshal indeed, but in his eighty-second year, with insufficient troops and hopeless of reinforcements, for the whole Austrian monarchy was in a blaze, had to repel a revolutionary Italy, reinforced by the numerous, well-equipped, and admirably-disciplined army of Sardinia. Our sympathies, on the whole, may have been with the Italians in their struggle for nationality and freedom; but it is impossible not to regard with admiration the stand made by the aged Radetzky against seemingly overpowering odds, followed as it was by crushing victory over the Italian revolutionists and their Sardinian allies. When victory was completed and consolidated, Radetzky remained for eight years longer at the head of the Austrian occupation of Italy; and even after he had formally resigned his command through age and infirmities, he remained amid the scenes of his latest triumphs, still exerting a powerful, though tranquil and silent influence. The following picture of the Field-Marshal of ninety-one is not uninteresting, making due allowance for a little egotism and exaggeration on the part of the enthusiastic biographer, who still, perhaps, has an eye to his own promotion:

Towards the end of July (1857) the Field-Marshal found himself so far restored, that his impatience would no longer keep him from repairing to his favourite residence, Milan. . . . He took up his abode in the Villa Reale, assigned to him by the favour of his sovereign, and there he contemplated passing the remainder of his days. The quiet life of the noble hero in Milan was cheered by many proofs of favour and grace on the part of his Majesty the Emperor, and of other members of the Imperial family, as well as by the always unchangeable and truly childlike attachment of the whole army, and the respect and love which the venerable commander understood like few others how to infuse even into the lowest classes of the people. . . . Every afternoon, weather permitting, he drove out in a carriage, which was opened from behind to allow the insertion of his wheeled chair. The coachman had general orders to drive to the Castle-place, where, about this hour, the troops were paraded. When the soldiers saw the well-known carriage, a slight cheer rose from the ranks, and at times, when the severity of discipline did not admit of this, every one at least thought to himself: "That is our heroic marshal." Up to a few days before his death, drill and discipline enchaind his attention.

It would be curious to know by what process of clairvoyance the "Austrian Veteran" discovered the inward thoughts excited in the hearts of the German soldiery in Milan by the appearance of Radetzky's carriage.

The accident which hastened his death on the 5th January last is fresh in the memory of newspaper readers. We shall conclude with some extracts descriptive of the person, habits, &c., of this loyal and faithful servant of a monarchy which less almost than any other deserves loyalty and fidelity.

The Field-Marshal was of small, very slight stature; his complexion healthy; his blue eye clear; his glance sagacious and friendly; his movements lively, like his speech and gait; his voice deep and sonorous. In his demeanour polished to an extreme, and of a prudence approaching to the diplomatic, he had a kind word for every one, and at once displayed an urbanity that gained on you from the first moment. . . . A certain dignified *bomhomie* was diffused through his whole being; yet he stood much on courtesy and politeness. He could not be angry; at least, not for long. Was he so, however, it was most unpleasant for the object of his wrath. He was soon appeased. His whole behaviour revealed much heartiness, a warm feeling for the sufferings of others, a great sorrow at the sight of human suffering. With him at least there was no pre-eminence given to the aristocratic sentiment. . . . Up to the close of his life he loved mirth and cheerfulness, and in a circle of strict intimates he would sometimes chime in accordingly. We might maintain that his easy disposition was his greatest treasure. He narrated willingly and well, and could often with complete accuracy recall the names of insignificant persons and places, and of things in general which had happened half a century before. Never in conversation did he allow his rank and position to appear. He possessed a tact peculiar to himself in his addresses to his soldiers.

Better, perhaps, than these generalities are the following minuter traits:

In his early years, he passed for being a remarkably distinguished officer and an excellent rider. He was specially admired for the delicacy of his hand, the shapeliness of his foot, and the neatness of his habits. He attached great importance to well-made inexpressibles, and in that department of dress was far from easily satisfied. In eating and drinking he was always moderate. His appetite was good. He drank only light wine mixed with water. At no time did he keep a luxurious table, and perhaps no great commander was ever more easily satisfied in that respect. He had no disrelish for even absolutely bad food and drink. In a general way he rose early, at five o'clock; he took his coffee about six with his

staff, about ten he partook of a light *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and dined about four. About seven in the evening came tea; then a card-party was made, and so to bed. For the rest, like almost all old soldiers, he could perfectly accommodate his meal-times to circumstances.

With such hours and habits, it is not so wonderful that, in spite of the wear and tear of long campaigning, this "Austrian Veteran" survived his ninety-first year.

Foreign Books Recently Published.

- Annuaire de l'Economie politique et de la Statistique pour 1858, par Maurice Block et Guillemin. 18 années. 1858. 40. 6d.
Annuaire de la statistique française, par Maurice Block. 1 année, 1858. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Arbousin (R.), Etudes sur l'histoire d'Haël. Tom. VIII. 8vo. 6s.
Armand (Dr. Ad.), Histoire médico-chirurgicale de la guerre de Crimée. 8vo. 6s.
Arrest (T.), Die Cinq-Cento Carosom u. Arbelten des Bencenuto Cellini u. seiner Zeitgenossen im K. K. Münz und Antiken Cabinet in Wien. Folio. Vienna. 40s.
Arnould, Essai de théorie et d'histoire littéraire. 8vo. 5s.
Auvias (E. A.), Histoire de l'ancienne cathédrale et des évêques d'Alby. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
Bequerel, Résumé de l'histoire de l'électricité et du magnétisme. 8vo. 3s.
Bergmann (Joa.), Mémoires sur bertholite u. ausserichichte Mäner d. 3-terreich. Kaiserstaates, vom XVI bis zum XIX. Jahrhundert. 3 plies. Wien. 7s.
Bernard (Ch.), Leçons sur la physiologie et la pathologie du système nerveux. 3 vols. 8vo avec figures. 12s.
Berthelot (E. Souham), Essai sur le caractère et les tendances de Napoléon III. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
Blanc (Ch.), Le Trésor de la curiosité, tiré des catalogues de vente de tableaux, etc. 2 vols. 8vo. 14s.
Cambouliv, Essai sur l'histoire de la Littérature Catalane. 2 ed. 8vo. 3s.
Capefigue, Mafame de Pompadour. 17mo. 3s.
Cassaux (P.), Traité théorique et pratique de l'art des accouchements. 6 ed. 8vo. 10s.
Charrier (Jean), Chronique de Charles VII., revue et annotée par Vallet de Viriville. Tom. I. 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.
Corti (H.), Deutschlands Boden, sein Geologie, Bau, etc. 2 ed. 8vo. Leipzig. 6s.
Dandrut, Procs Ormli. Seule édition complète. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Des-Amers (Reinh.), Notice sur Pierre de Brach, poète bordelais du xvi siècle. 8vo. 3s.
Florens, Histoire des travaux de Georges Cuvier. 18mo. 3s.
Foucher (Victor), Commentaire sur le Code de Justice militaire pour l'armée de terre. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Fran (H.), Le Rationalisme; avec une introduction par D. Gentien. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Gentien, Législation et jurisprudence des chemins de fer de la Belgique. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Haag, La France Protestante. Tom. XV. royal 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Heine (Dr. H.), Geschichte des Deutschen Volkschulwesens. Vol. I. 8vo. Gotha. 6s. 6d.
Inchausti (abbé), Le Verbe Baugu. Ouvrage publié par le prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte. 4to. Bayonne. 20s.
Jouhauss (T.), Atlas der evangelischen Mission-Gesellschaft zu Basel. Folio. Basel. 7s. 6d.
Juste (Théodore), Les Pays-Bas au seizième siècle. Vie de Marix de Sainte-Ald-gonde (1538-1598). 8vo. 4s.
Le Roncq, Histoire des choses les plus remarquables advenues à l'Europe, l'Asie, l'Afrique, l'Amérique, l'Inde, depuis 1569 jusqu'à 1674. 8vo. 10s.
Libay (Ludw.), Aegypten. Reisebilder aus dem Orient nach der Naturgeschichte. 1 u. 2. Lfg. Imp. fol. Vienna. 7s. 4s.
Mauselmann, Mäner historisch, social et politique. 12mo. 3s.
Marcelle (le comte de), Souvenirs diplomatiques, Correspondance intime de Chateaubriand. Novv. ed. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de mon temps, par M. Guizot. Tom. I. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Meier (M.), Ulrich von Starkenberg, ein Drama in 5 Akten. 8vo. Innsbruck. 3s.
Michelet, Richelieu et la Fronde. 8vo. 3s.
Moreau de Jonnés, Aventures de guerre au temps de la république et du comitat. 2 vols. 8vo. 6s.
Mosenthal (S. H.), Das gefangene BILD, dramatische Phantasie in 3 aufzügen. 8vo. Stuttgart. 2s. 6d.
Mundi (Thon), Paris a. Louis Napoleon: neue Skizzen aus dem französischen Reich. 2 vols. 8vo. Berlin. 4s.
Muten et Garnier, Galerie bourgeoise. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
Oppel (Abt.), Juraformation Englands, Frankreichs u. d. südwestlichen Deutschlands. Karte (in Fol.) 8vo. Stuttgart. 14s. 6d.
Orsini, Explication historique des Institutes de l'Empereur Justinien. 2 ed. augmentée. 2 vols. 8vo. 19s.
Pappenheim (J.), Handbuch der Sanitäts Polizei, nach eigenen Untersuchungen bearbeitet. Vol. I. 8vo. Berlin. 10s. 6d.
Pereira da Silva, Os Varões illustres do Brazil durante os tempos colonias. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Prémazé (E. de), Histoire des trois premiers siècles de l'Eglise chrétienne. Vol. I. 8vo. 5s.
Proudhon (P. J.), De la Justice dans la Révolution et dans l'Eglise. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.
Rufin (J.), Le Docteur Antonio. Trad. sous les yeux de l'auteur par Octave Sacher. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Sacy (Silvestre de), Variétés littéraires, morales et historiques. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.
Sacher (Abt.), Histoire de l'art judaïque, tirée des textes sacrés et profanes. 8vo. 6s.
Sommerlud (F. W.), Johann Heinrich Jung's, genaunt Silling, Lebensgeschichte. 8vo. Leipzig. 2s.
Stach (Ludwig), Deutsche Träuma. 3 vols. 8vo. Brunswick. 10s. 6d.
Thiele, Eine page d'histoire du gouvernement représentatif en Sildmont. 8vo. Turin. 6s. 6d.
Toussaint de Saint-Luc, Mémoires sur l'état du clergé et de la noblesse de Bretagne. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.
Vauflor (F.), Souvenirs de l'insurrection normande en 1793, publiés par Georges Manco. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
Vidal (Léon), Tableau des prisons militaires, etc., en France, en Piémont, en Prusse et en Angleterre. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Vingtain (Léon), Vie publique de Royer-Collard. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
Witte (Kar), Alpinisches und Transalpinisches. 18mo. Berlin. 6s.
Wundt (Dr. W.), Die Lehre von der Muskelbewegung. 22 woodcuts. Royal 8vo. Brunswick.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

In the proceedings of the Royal Society just published, among the papers is one giving an account of the observations made in various localities during the great Solar Eclipse. The observations were made at 9 a.m., 11 a.m., and from noon every fifteen minutes up to 2-16, and again at 3 p.m., 4 p.m., 5 p.m., and 9 p.m. The dry bulb thermometer fell at the middle of the eclipse from 2 to 4 degrees, the average being about 2½ degrees. The wet bulb thermometer did not fall quite so much. Thermometers in sunshine fell twice as much as those in shade. At the majority of stations the early morning

was fine, but before the eclipse commenced the sky became overcast, and continued so. The following features were apparent: The wind, which was brisk before, moderated at the time of greatest obscuration, becoming brisk again afterwards. The darkness was not so great as had been expected. The change in the colour of the landscape was almost universally remarked, as well as the great stillness at the time of greatest obscuration. A solar halo occurred in the Orkney Islands during the time of greatest obscuration.

In a paper on the structure and functions of the hair of crustacea, the object being to determine the uses of the hair and similar appendages,

Mr. De Morgan—after bringing forward the opinions of Lavalie, who had noticed the connection of the canals of the hair with the canals penetrating the whole thickness of the shell, and the occasional continuity of the matter which filled the hair with that which exists in the corresponding canal of the shell; of Mr. Holland, who suggested, among other functions, that the hairs may possibly be connected with that of the general sensibility; and of Dr. Hackel, who has shown that the canals of the shells and hairs are lined by a continuation of the outer layer of the soft internal tegument—states that it is difficult to assign any office to the bristles, and still more to the bulbs, mechanical or other-

la four-
n in the
made, and
soldiers,
times to
so won-
of long
survived
ned.
ur 1858, par
t. 1 année,
de Crimée.
venuto Col-
Catinette in
ue d'Alby.
me Pro. 52.
Manner d.
rhanderte.
ystème ner-
ndances de
de vente de
ed. 8vo. 3s.
accouché-
par Valfet
2 ed. 8vo.
ordelais du
Haite pour
ion par D.
fer de la
en. Vol. I.
le prince
ft zu Basel.
Marnix de
avenues en
368 jusqu'à
der Natur
o. 3s.
ndance in-
en. Tom. I.
kten. 8vo.
publique et
taste in 3
m françois
westlichen
Justicien.
men Unter-
mpos colo-
glisse chris-
os l'Eglise.
auteur par
s. 2 vols.
de et Pro-
10s. 6d.
l'édiment.
la noblesse
publiés par
on, en Pie-
RE.
in, 6s.
woodcuts.

wise, except that, establishing as they do a communication between the external surface and the nervous structure within, they communicate impressions, and are in fact tactile organs, and consequently that the hairs of crustacea are probably organs by which external impressions are communicated to the internal sensitive parts.

Some observations on the influence of heated terrestrial surfaces in disturbing the atmosphere were communicated by Mr. T. Hopkins, who stated that Hadley's theory of winds, which is now generally recognised, is not supported by the evidence of facts, but rests on assumptions founded on imaginary effects of the partial expansion of the atmospheric gases by heat. Halley's theory, once generally adopted, represented the air as heated in one locality where the sun was nearly vertical, making the air rise in that part and producing an influx of cool air below and an overflow above. Hadley's theory substitutes the whole tropical belt for the heated locality of Halley; but Mr. Hopkins argued that gravitation establishes an equilibrium of pressure in the atmosphere, and that direct solar heating of the surface of the air and the air near to it does not destroy that equilibrium; for, as there is no alteration in the weight of any vertical column of the atmosphere in any latitude, there can be neither overflow of air above nor disturbance of the equilibrium of pressure. The disturbances of the atmosphere, according to Mr. Hopkins, "are caused by the heat which is conveyed from the surface of the globe in vapour to different parts of the atmosphere, at various heights, and liberated in those parts when the vapour is condensed into liquid. This liberation of heat creates ascending currents in the parts locally affected, when horizontal winds, produced by gravitation, blow over the surface towards the ascending currents, to re-establish the disturbed equilibrium." This process being the cause, not only of the trade winds and monsoons, but also of the storms and local winds over the different regions of the globe.

At the Royal Institution, Professor Faraday advocated the claims of science to a distinct recognition as a department of knowledge; "for, though flowing in channels utterly different in their course and end to those of literature, it conduces not less as a means of instruction to the discipline of the mind, whilst it ministers more or less to the wants, comforts, and proper pleasure, both mental and bodily, of every individual of every class in life." Science had lately been acknowledged as a leading branch of education, and the value of this public recognition was shown in the results obtained from those who, pursuing it after a preliminary teaching, have educated themselves. Mr. Faraday then took electricity for an instance, as a branch of science "which had been left most to its own development, and has produced the most enduring results on the face of the globe." In 1800 Volta discovered the Voltaic pile, a form of electricity previously unknown; not accidentally, but as a consequence of his own mental self-education. At first a feeble instrument, it had since, by the exertions of other men, been raised to a very high degree of power. In 1819 Oersted discovered the magnetism of the electric current and its relation to the magnetic needle; as an immediate consequence Arago and Davy magnetised iron by the current. In 1831 the induction of electrical currents one by another, and the evolution of electricity from magnets, was observed; the results, at first feeble, have since been developed, so as to supply sources of electricity independent of the voltaic battery or the electric machine. Taking the electric telegraph as an example, and selecting Mr. Wheatstone "for the visible illustration of a brief argument in favour of a large public recognition of scientific education," it may be observed that in 1840 he took out patents for electric telegraphs, but in 1858 the instruments, although of the same elements, could scarcely be recognised, having been so altered and improved; and "the changes may be considered as the result of education upon the one mind which has been concerned with them, and are strong illustrations of the effects which general scientific education may be expected to produce." There was no accident in these developments, as the experiments were directed by the previously acquired knowledge. "If, then, the term 'education' may be understood in so large a sense as to include all that belongs to the improvement of the mind, either by the acqui-

tion of the knowledge of others or by increase of it through its own exertions, we learn by them what is the kind of education science offers to man."

At the Geological Society a communication was read "on some points in the history and formation of Etna." In this Sir C. Lyell explained his views of the stratification of the rocks in the Val de Bove, of the distribution, nature, and effects of the dykes, and the different characters of the lavas of successive ages in Etna, and stated his belief that the Val de Bove had originated in subsidence, and pointing out the value of the peculiar outline of the mountain as illustrative of the double-coned origin of Etna. He described some dykes and rents that have been connected with the catastrophe followed by the formation of Val de Bove, which gave the chief features to Etna in its modern form. The author fully coincides in the generally received opinion that the accessible parts of Etna are of subaerial origin, and concludes that a very high antiquity must be assigned to the successive eruptions of Etna, each phase of its volcanic origin, as well as the excavation of the Val de Bove, having occupied a lapse of ages compared to which the historical period is brief and insignificant; and secondly, that the growth of the whole mountain must nevertheless be referred geologically to the modern part of the latest Tertiary epoch.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.
Monday, July 5.—Entomological, 8 p.m.
Tuesday, 6.—Photographic, 8 p.m.
Friday, 9.—Astronomical, 8 p.m.

ART AND ARTISTS

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

As Government will do nothing towards purchasing a cast of Foley's statue of Lord Hardinge, artists have taken the initiative into their own hands and are determined to have a duplicate erected in London. The site proposed is the space between the United Service and the Athenaeum clubs, if it can be obtained. This movement is no more than Mr. Foley or his production deserves on the part of his brother artists, and it is right they should take the honour upon themselves.

The committee at Halifax have selected Mr. Mac Dowell, Mr. Durham, and a Mr. Milnes, to compete for the statue of F. Crossley, Esq., M.P., to be placed in the People's Park so generously given by him to that town. We must submit to be schooled if it be ignorance on our part, but who is Mr. Milnes? He may be a local or stray genius somewhere, but we never heard of him.

The subject of the Wellington monument is again brought before the public by Lord John Manners stating the determination of Government to employ the author of No. 18 in the competition, under the supervision (according to Lord Elcho) of an architect and sculptor. On referring to notes made at the time of the competition, we find this design was exhibited with the motto "I know but one art," and are surprised to find it selected as one of the four for a 100l. premium. The rest of our remarks are not the least flattering to the committee for rewarding it, or to the author for producing it; but the thought naturally arises if it be the best work now, how is it it was not the best at the time the premiums were given, and so received the 700l. Mr. Marshall had? In the House of Commons and with the public that competition is looked upon as a failure, nor could it well be otherwise. Sir Benjamin Hall, the ruling spirit at the time, refused to guarantee to the competing sculptors the production of the work, and now artists are blamed and sculpture condemned, because of the few really meritorious designs submitted. It is notorious amongst sculptors that that competition was only a shadow of what it might have been, had there been confidence. Not one third of the most capable artists amongst ourselves suffered themselves to be duped. Take, for instance, the members of the Royal Academy: there are seven sculptors in that body, and only two competed, one (Mr. Marshall) obtaining the first prize. Mac Dowell, Foley, Weeks, and Westmacott, all reside in London, and all refused. Such was also the case with many not of the Royal Academy. The same want of confidence stayed the hands of men abroad; and we know it prevented Hogan, who was alive in Ireland then. And now the author of No. 18, Mr. Stevens, whom no one ever heard anything about, bursts upon the world like Pallas from the brain of Jupiter, attended by an architect and sculptor, to see if anything can be produced from a design not very easily understood.

The competition drawings and models executed by the students of the School of Design at Edinburgh have been exhibited in the National Gallery there, and the prizes were delivered to the pupils. The chief feature in the exhibition is the numerous examples of the use of geometric lines and angles in architectural designs; or, in other words, the appli-

cation of geometry to art. In this important branch many of the students are said to have exhibited invention and taste of a high order. We do not know, however, whether this can really be called decorative art of a very high class. It is, in fact, returning to the primitive style of the Moorish architects, and it is gravely to be questioned whether that which was imposed upon them by the injunctions of their religion, and which required all their exquisite taste in colouring, beside the advantages of their climate, to render tolerable, is the proper style of decoration for English buildings. The failure of the geometric decorations at the new theatre at Covent-garden is a very strong argument against it.

The Queen has purchased the Baron de Triqueti's marble statue of "Edward VI. as Leader of the Protestant Faith," for the sum of 500 guineas.

The Hampshire Advertiser states that Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., fell from one of the Needles rocks last week whilst sketching, sprained his ankle, and seriously bruised his face and body.

Mr. S. F. Langham, the deputy coroner for Westminster, held an inquest in the boardroom of King's College Hospital, touching the death of Mr. Thos. Burdett Howe, the particulars of which have already appeared. The jury returned a verdict of temporary insanity, caused by continued hard drinking.

A meeting of the Central Committee on the Wallace monument took place on the 24th ult. The principal resolution came to was, that designs for the proposed monument should be advertised for in the newspapers.

The Corporation of London contemplates what seems to be a vandalism—no less than the conversion of the area beneath the dome of St. Paul's into a place for Divine worship. Surely there can be no necessity for this until all the aisles are filled. It is the dome area that gives grandeur and vastness to the interior of the Cathedral, and, however desirable it may be to use it for such purposes as the annual gathering of the schools, the space is too vast for the human voice, and any reader or preacher who has not the lungs of a Stentor must be inaudible.

On Wednesday Messrs. Foster sold the collection of pictures belonging to Mr. Mordaunt, of Sheffield, with a few from other collections, amongst which were many important pictures. Two by Frank Stone, "The Impending Fate" and "Mated," fetched 290 gs. Webster's "Beating for Recruits" 300 gs., and Muller's "Bay of Naples" 215 gs. A scene from "Hamlet," by F. Stone, 105 gs.; a cattle piece of J. Cooper's, 193 gs.; a view in Brittany, by Goodall, 185 gs.; "The Bandit's Cavern," by Stanfield, 76 gs.; a landscape with cattle, by Rosa Bonheur, 89 gs.; "Christ Walking on the Sea," by T. S. Lander, 74 gs.; a wreck, by Isabeby, 84 gs.; "Claude Sketching the Clouds," by Maclise, 75 gs.; "A Corn Stack on Fire," by Breton, 75 gs.; and "Holy Family Returning to Nazareth," by Dobson, 76 gs.

A letter from Athens states that a peasant of the Peloponnesus, while lately digging in a field, found two antique statues in good preservation, and of remarkably fine execution. One represents Apollo bearing a lyre, and the other, a handsome young female. They both appear to have belonged to the time of Praxiteles, and their renown has already become so great in Greece, that a great number of persons have gone to see them. The English Minister at Athens went to the place on first hearing of the discovery, and it is thought, the latter states, that they will eventually enrich the British Museum.

The following letter describes the progress made in excavating the ruins of Cnidus:—"This noble animal (a lion) is 10 feet long from stem to stern. He is of Parian marble and in very fine condition. He is in a couchant attitude, his head turned round to the right. From the base to the top of his head he measures six feet. His weight I should imagine to be eight tons. He is lying on his side. The upper side is of course somewhat weatherbeaten, though the great essentials of form are there; but the lower side, as far as I can tell by looking under it, is nearly as fresh as when it left the hand of the artist. The injuries which he has sustained are few. The fore paws and part of the lower jaw are wanting, but it is very probable that we may find them. The left hind leg has been a good deal crushed by his fall; in other respects he is perfect. He has no eyes, but very deep sockets, which may have been filled with vitreous paste, unless the shadows produced by these hollows were considered in colossal sculpture as the equivalent of eyes. As his nose is at present half buried in the ground, it is difficult to judge of the effect of these hollow sockets: they serve, however, to give an idea of the general scale of the animal. I can just squeeze my clenched fist into the sockets—*ex oculo leonem!* The style of the sculpture, and the quality and treatment of the marble, are so like those of the Mausoleum lions as to leave little or no doubt in my mind that the Cnidian colossus is by one of the four sculptors employed by Artimesia, probably either Scopos or Bryaxis, as they both executed celebrated works at Cnidus. Now, as to the position of the lion. He is lying on the slope of a wild rocky promontory, on the top of which, a few feet above him, are the remains of a large tomb, which appears to be lying as it was thrown down by an earthquake. This tomb has a square basement, about 40 feet each way. It has been faced externally with Doric columns, partially engaged in a wall, and surmounted by tri-

glyphs. These remains of Doric architecture are executed in a coarse marble, and lie strewn round the tomb on every side. Within this architectural facing was a solid mass of work. The upper courses of this mass of masonry are circular, and form concentric rows of steps, which, when the building was entire, must have taken the form of a pyramid. These circular courses are, I should imagine, the outside of a dome formed by stones laid horizontally, so as to project inwards, one beyond the other. An attempt has evidently been made to break into the tomb at the top and at the base on one side. Whether this attempt was successful remains to be ascertained. It would appear that, in driving an entrance into one of the sides of the basement, the structure of the vault has been so dislocated that its crown has fallen in and filled up the interior of the tomb with rubbish. I suppose that the original chamber was constructed like that of the treasury of Atræus—that the sides and vault were externally faced with the marble now scattered round the tomb, and that the lion stood on the top. The stones of this tomb are so large that it is supposed that gentle blasting will be necessary to remove them."

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

SUMMER holidays now occupy the attention of antiquarians. We noted last week the intended gathering of the Archæological Institute at Bath; the British Archæological Association announce their fifteenth annual meeting at Salisbury. It will occupy from the second to the seventh of August, and include visits to remarkable places in the vicinity. The Bishop of Salisbury and the Marquis of Lansdowne are the patrons; the president is the Marquis of Ailesbury. This is the second congress held in this cathedral town, the Archæological Institute having met there some years ago, and for the same length of time. The programme proposes a complete examination of the old town, the cathedral, and its precincts. Excursions will be made to Wilton House and Church, Bemerton, Burcombe, and Tisbury Churches, Wardour Castle, Old Sarum, Stonehenge, and Amesbury.

The Surrey Archæological Society hold their fifth annual general meeting at Farnham on Tuesday the 18th of July, under the presidency of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester, who has honoured the members with an invitation to visit Farnham Castle, an antique edifice of much interest, and the residence of the Bishop. Papers will be read in illustration of the Castle and its vicinity; and an excursion will afterwards be made to Waverley Abbey, about two miles distant. On the following day, it is proposed to excavate a tumulus at Wanborough between Farnham and Guildford. A temporary museum of antiquities and works of art will be exhibited in the Boys' School, Farnham.

The meeting of the Kentish Archæological Society at Canterbury is fixed for the 30th of the present month.

The Abbé Cochet, author of "Normandie Souterraine" and other works illustrative of early French antiquities, has recently been pursuing his researches at Barentin, on the line of the railway between Havre and Rouen, and has opened sixty groups of sepulchres, and obtained therefrom more than 170 vases of pottery and glass, evidently of the epoch termed by him "Gallo-Roman," such as were used for sepulchral purposes. Some of them are very large; many are marked with the letter M; and one has the name of the potter, LIBERI-M upon the base. A bronze inscribed with the name of Antoninus Pius was found among them. A complete dépôt of ancient pottery was discovered in this neighbourhood last year, and the excavations produced in the course of five months nearly 2000 specimens.

In digging in the environs of Ulm, in Germany, some hundreds of skeletons, many personal ornaments, and funeral vases have been discovered, all bearing a remarkable resemblance to those found in Anglo-Saxon graves, which they help to illustrate in an important manner.

The line of railway near Feversham has passed through an Anglo-Saxon tumulus, and brought to light some interesting specimens of arms and personal ornament.

The recent digging in the City for deep foundations has, as usual, turned up a few Roman fragments and part of a pavement in Mincing-lane, but nothing calling for especial remark.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this society was held on Wednesday, June 30, Sir James Clark, president, in the chair, when the following were elected as officers and council for the ensuing year:—President: Sir James Clark, Bart. Vice-presidents: the Archbishop of Dublin, Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, Bart.; the Earl of Eglarshere; Beriah Botfield, M.P. Treasurer: Frederick Hindmarsh. Honorary secretary: Thomas Wright, F.S.A. Council: W. F. Ainsworth, Rev. W. Arthur, L. J. Beale, J. R. Beddoe, J. S. Coleman, T. F. Dillon Croker, R. Dunn, R. N. Fowler, Dr. Hodgkin, R. Ingham, M.P., Dr. David King, Malcolm Lewin, Joseph Mayer, Sir C. Pasley, Professor Pearson, C. Robert des Ruffières, Rev. E. J. Selwyn, J. J. Stainton, B. Tait, Dr. F. Tuke, Dr. Stephen Ward.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

OPERAS AND CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

At her Majesty's Theatre the prolonged stay of Mlle. Titiens has given the public an opportunity of recognising her great merits by an increased attendance, and, as the weather has abated some of its sultriness, the houses have been thronged. *Luisa Miller* was performed on Tuesday, *Il Trovatore* on Thursday, and *Les Huguenots* is on the bills for to night. Mr. Lumley never misses an opportunity of gratifying the public, however late in the season. On Monday Mlle. Rosati made her first appearance this year in Aumer's ballet *La Sonnambula*, supported by the admirable Pocchini. The union of these two excellent and expressive danseuses gave the greatest gratification to the audience, if we may judge by the loud applause lavished upon both artists.

At Covent-garden *Otello* was produced on Tuesday, *Martha* on Thursday, and the latter is to be repeated to-night. Next Monday, the last of the morning representations is to be given at her Majesty's Theatre, and the entertainment will consist of *Lucrezia Borgia* and *La Serca Padrona*. The part of the heroine in the former will, of course, be sustained by Mlle. Titiens, supported by Mme. Albani, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Belletti. Mlle. Piccolomini will appear in the operetta.

The concert of Mr. Albert Schloss, at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, was perfectly successful, and attracted a considerable audience. The Swedish singers, in their national dresses, were much admired, and among the vocalists Herr Reichardt, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Weiss, Herr Fischek, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, and the Misses Pyne, contributed by their labours to the success of the evening. The pianoforte playing of Herr Kuho was also greatly admired, and the performance upon the flute of Herr Eben, a German, who made his debut in this country, was extremely well received.

On Tuesday the eighth and last *matinée* of the Musical Union was given, and in compliment to Mr. Ella was called *The Director's Grand Matinée*. The programme was singularly attractive, and a large audience was brought together within St. James's Hall. The selection was, of course, almost entirely instrumental; and when we mention that the stringed instruments were in such hands as Herr Joachim, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Blagrove, Mr. R. Blagrove, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Pratt, and that Herr Rubinstein presided over the piano, it need hardly be added that the execution was all that could be desired. The concert opened with Mozart's quintet in D, magnificently rendered by the whole force, followed by Hummel's quintet in E flat, and the Romance in G. Op. 40, of Beethoven, of which Herr Joachim played the solo. Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington sang an air of Mozart, with variations, and then Herr Joachim electrified the audience with one of Paganini's wonderful solos on the violin. Some who are old enough to remember the great *maestro* in the same composition make comparisons somewhat to the disparagement of the modern, but that is always so. Herr Rubinstein's execution upon the pianoforte made everybody regret that this was his last appearance in England for the season.

The members of the Bradford Festival Choral Society have been making the best of their time in London; they have had a rehearsal at Exeter Hall, a performance at the Crystal Palace, they have taken part in the great festival of yesterday, and, above all, they have appeared before the Queen. In all they have made an excellent impression; proving, to those who were not previously aware of the fact, that no choruses can surpass those that come from the breezy hills of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

Miss Kemble's concert on Wednesday at Bridge-water House was brilliantly attended. As usual with the concerts of this season, Herr Joachim was the lion of the day, and both by his delightful execution, accompanied by Mr. Halle, in Beethoven's favourite sonata in G, and in Tartini's "Songe du Diable" drew down the most enthusiastic applause. The *beneficiaire* herself sang a song by Schubert, Mendelssohn's "Frühlingsslied," and "Orpheus with his lute," and "Where the Bee sucks," from Shakspeare. Among the other attractions of the *matinée* we may mention Mr. Santley's singing from the "Stabat Mater," Madame Viardot in a duet with Mr. Santley, and finally Signor Mario's solo, "Ange si pur" from "La Favorita." The concert terminated with a charming performance of "Mira la bianca luna" by Miss Kemble and Mario.

Madame Sala's concert at Willis's Rooms was well attended. It was chiefly remarkable for the appearance of Madame Guerrabella, an American lady, who evidently made a good impression by the manner in which she rendered her part of the duet "Parigi O Cara," the other part being given by Mr. Perren. Mr. Charles Braham sang "The Death of Nelson;" Miss Arabella Goddard delighted the audience with Wallace's *fantasia* "Robin Adair;" and Mr. Albert Smith contributed to the general fund of amusement by a fragment of his Mont Blanc entertainment.

The Vocal Association brought its first season to an auspicious termination on Wednesday night, under the able direction of Mr. Benedict, and the sixth concert was as successful as the first. The first part of the programme consisted entirely of Mendelssohn's

"Lobgesang," which was magnificently performed, the principal solo parts falling to Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Montem Smith. The second part opened with a composition by Herr Joachim, intended as an overture to Shakspeare's "Henry the Fourth," which, it must be admitted, did not impress the audience with the opinion that he is as great in composition as in performance. Some beautiful glees and madrigals, performed by the Association, and Mozart's concerto in E flat, executed by Mr. Charles Halle, brought the concert to a close.

The great Musical Festival at the Crystal Palace took place yesterday. The programme was varied and most judiciously selected. As the performance was principally intended to demonstrate the capabilities of the immense choral company, there was comparatively little scope for the soloists. Mr. Sims Reeves, however, sang the solo parts in "Philistines, hark!" from Costa's "Eli," with wonderful power. Perhaps the most successful pieces were the "Pregiera" from Rossini's "Mosè in Egitto," and Mendelssohn's part-song "Farewell to the Forest." Though the wholesale practice of encoring is most objectionable, we must confess to having heard the repetition of the latter piece with extreme pleasure. Altogether the performance promises most hopefully for the Handel Tercentenary. The full power of the chorus was never too predominant, and the solo singers could be heard well even on the outskirts of the immense audience.

CONCERTS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, July 6th.—Miss Marian Prescott's Grand Evening Concert, St. Martin's Hall.—Mlle. Hortense Parent's Concert, at Cambridge House, 3.—Herr S. Lehmann's Annual Morning Concert, 20, Cleveland-square, 3.
Tuesday, 6th.—Mr. Ellis Robert's Harp Entertainment, Crosby Hall, 5.
Wednesday, 7th.—Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, St. Martin's Hall, 8.—Madame Amalie Oxford's *Soirée Musicale*, 65, Russell-square, 8.
Thursday, 8th.—Coloured Opera Troupe, Morning Concert, Hanover-square Rooms.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE official programme announces the arrangements of the Hereford Musical Festival, and we may at length congratulate the conductor, Mr. Townshend Smith, on the completion of his arduous duty in connexion with the professional "engagements." This will be the 135th meeting of the three choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester. The principal performers engaged are Mesdames Clara Novello, Weiss, Hepworth, and Viardot Garcia. Misses Lascelles and Louisa Vining; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Thomas, and Weiss. The programme contains the overture to Spohr's "Last Judgment," Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," a Jubilate by G. Townshend Smith, a solo and chorus by Spohr, Mendelssohn's Forty-second Psalm, and an anthem by the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., for the morning performance on Tuesday the 24th of August; Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," on Wednesday; selections from "Athaliah," "Sabat Mater," and "Creation," on Thursday; and Handel's oratorio "The Messiah," on Friday. Grand miscellaneous concerts will be given at the Shire Hall on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings.

The Adelphi Theatre will not prove an exception to that fatal law which makes every great building undergo a baptism of blood. On Saturday morning, James Brown, who was engaged with some other men in pulling down the Adelphi Theatre, when a piece of timber gave way, and he fell on his head a depth of sixty feet. He was picked up in a state of insensibility and conveyed to Charing-cross Hospital, where not the slightest hopes are entertained of his recovery.

A new theatre, capable of containing an audience of 1000, has been erected in Douglas, Isle of Man.

On Friday evening Mr. J. Hallett Sheppard, the well-known organist, concluded a series of three performances on a new organ at Willis's Manufactory, built for Christ Church, Demerara. The selections chosen by the talented composer comprised compositions by Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, and other eminent composers. Unqualified admiration of the taste and ability exhibited by Mr. Sheppard was expressed by numerous members of the musical world and friends who attended the performances. Attention was drawn to the stops of the organ, and the effective manner in which the several parts performed their operations.

A Paris correspondent gives an account of the success of a drama at the Ambigu theatre in Paris. "It is founded upon some articles which appeared, a little while ago, in the *Presse*, under the title of 'From Delhi to Cawnpore; a Journal of an English Lady.' The authoress had herself passed through the scenes she described, and been subjected to many perils. She did not escape, either, without suffering indignities which fell to the lot of so many of our unfortunate countrywomen who had the misfortune to come into the hands of the insurgents. Out of the Journal two Boulevard dramatists have constructed a very interesting piece, which, as I have said, is still on the benches of the Ambigu-Comique in this hot season. Everything aids the success of the work. The scenery is new and costly, the dresses rich and original, the acting effective. I notice, however, among the names of the English *dramatis personæ*,

performed, Miss Pyne part opened ended as an th," which, the audience position as madrigals, 's concerto brought the

stal Palace was varied France was capabilities is comparas Reeves, es, bark!" Perhaps "niera" from John's part-though the flectionable, ition of the together the the Handel chorus was es could be e immense

EEK. and Evening parent's Con- yer's Annual ment, Crosby Concert, St. iree Musicals, ing Concert,

SSIP.

e arrange- we may Townshead as duty in agements." ee choirs of e principal a Novello, Misses Las- nes Reeves. The pro- r's "Last n," a Jubi- chorus by m, and an ley, Bart., the 24th of on Wednes- at Mater," 's oratorio scellaneous the Tues-

an excep- very great On Satur- engaged the Adel- gave way, feet. He y and con- e not the ery.

an audience of Man. pppard, the s of three manufactory, selections used com- Bach, and miration of pppard was ical world Attention the effective med their

unt of the e in Paris, appeared, a e title of an English d through d to many t suffering of our un- fortune to Out of the instructed a d, is filli g this hot the work. s rich and however, s persone,

the same ludicrous incapacity to give us a rational nomenclature which seems inherent in all French writers of every class. Thus we have among the characters a Sir Hornsteet, and a companion Williams to him of Avon. Sir Hornsteet! Where could our French friends have discovered such a name as that? The correspondent adds that "when the dog-days are over," we in England may possibly be favoured with a translation of it. We think not. In England we regard the misfortunes of our countrywomen in India with too heavy hearts to allow of having them served up to us as "telling dramas." An American who lately attempted an entertainment at the Hanover Square Rooms, the chief attraction of which was an account of the massacres and "the red weapon" with which a lady at Cawpore had attempted to defend herself, was very properly hissed, and never appeared before an English audience more.

At the Palais Royal a gay little piece, "Un Dîner et des Egards," has been produced, in which one M. Jabot, weary of dining alone, advertises for a dinette to share his table, and is surprised by his old Megera of a wife. Hence a terrible scene; but the idea of the thing is much better than the execution.

The new piece, by Alexandre Dumas, now playing at the Gymnase, is remarkable for containing the first representation of an Englishman without caricature ever played upon the French stage, and the character is so admirably played that the performance saves the piece. This Englishman is neither ridiculous, nor foolish, nor irritating; he is simply an Englishman who speaks French with a foreign accent, and contrasts his British sang froid and self-possession with the restless and clamorous demeanor of those around him. Alexandre Dumas deserves our thanks for this boldness, as it is so great an innovation on the cut-and-dried character which has been received for these sixty years past, that when the piece was played at Gudin's great soiree, for the benefit of the establishment of Notre Dame des Arts, bets were laid to a considerable amount concerning its success when put upon the stage, and heavy odds were taken against it.

The most dangerous form of alcoholic indulgence is now found in Paris, and specially among the army in Algiers, to be "absinthe;" its action on the nervous system is disastrous. Grassot, the Paul Bedford of the Palais Royal, had lately to relinquish his profession, and so eclipse the gaiety of nations, by not knowing the seductive but potent influence of this preparation. A short absence in Italy has, however, restored him to his admirers. The director of that pleasant theatre, congratulating him on his return, added, "Surtout ne vous absentez (absinthe) plus!" It killed poor Paul de Musset and Gerard de Nerval.

A curious circumstance has happened to the purchaser of one of Rachel's mementoes. This amateur of art and literature had attended the sale, and beheld the best lots pass without bidding for one. At length the most precious lot of all to those seeking a souvenir of the great artist was put up. It was the chaise longue on which the poor lady had spent so many of the later hours of her life, and which was well known to every frequenter of her circle. Our amateur was determined from the very first to secure this precious relic, and set about bidding in right good earnest. After a hard struggle it was knocked down at a ruinous price, and was carried home to the purchaser's house in triumph. After a day or two's contemplation of the newly-acquired piece of furniture, which proved no ornament to his household, he began to regret the tremendous price he had paid for it, and to speculate whether he had not better have laid out the money in something more useful, until he came to the conviction that he must have been under the influence of a momentary aberration while making so mad a purchase; and as he is a doctor by profession, he came to the resolution of making the best of a bad bargain, and sent for an upholsterer to repair the chaise longue, and put it into a fit state for service in his consulting room. The cover was full of holes, the horse-hair with which it was stuffed protruded on all sides, and it was consequently obliged to be completely undone. While this process was going forward a loud cry burst from the owner of the chaise longue; a bundle of papers rolled out from beneath the head cushion; and, remembering the miserly habits of the deceased actress, he made up his mind immediately that it was a roll of bank-notes he beheld spread out upon the floor. His disappointment was great on finding that the papers were but a collection of love letters received at different periods of her life, and written by various individuals of different degrees. The purchaser of the chaise longue fancied himself to have been the sport of some mocking fiend, for no sooner was the suffering occasioned by his disappointment thoroughly and keenly experienced than he discovered some of the letters to be worth more than double the value of the bank-notes he might have found there, and that, moreover, they would be reliable on the instant. It is believed that many have already been changed into gold, and that our fortunate hero pronounces himself at last thoroughly satisfied with his bargain. This is probably another of the *canards* which have been flying about respecting Rachel and the disposal of her effects; but we give it as we find it.

THE THEATRES.

THE only actual theatrical novelty is a farce at the Princess's, entitled *Dying for Love*; which, slight as it is, is an adaptation of a Parisian comédie, "Etre aimé ou mourir." As a mere precursor to the grand entertainment of *The Merchant of Venice* it serves its purpose; and with such agreeable actresses as Miss Murray and Miss Heath, and such experienced actors as Messrs. Meadows, Mr. David Fisher, and Mr. G. Everett, it would have been successful, did it even not contain some extravagant situations. Love and suicide, which have so often in the Parisian drama been treated after the most ghastly fashion, are here rendered comically. Mr. Everett pretends to destroy himself for the lady Miss Heath represents, and Mr. David Fisher commits the same folly to Miss Murray. The absurdities of such a situation were sure to be made the most of by Mr. Fisher, and it may easily be imagined there would be considerable comicality in his mock-heroic pretences. The situation is heightened by the self-possession and good sense of the ladies; and Mrs. Mangle (Miss Heath), who is in turn attacked by both the desperadoes, plays the one off against the other with such *sang froid* as to shame them into common sense and propriety. So performed, the trifle was perfectly successful, and put the audience in the best of all possible humours to receive the wonderful representation of Shakspeare's noble drama, which is for the first time thoroughly Venetianised, and illustrated to the uttermost. It is now in full perfection of performance, as the complicated stage business has become easy to all engaged, and the gloss and brilliancy of the adornments are no whit tarnished or dimmed. We advise those who have not yet visited it to do so, for it is scarcely probable after this season we shall look upon its like again.

On Monday a strange prim little piece entitled *The Windmill* was revived at the Olympic, to give Mr. Lewis Ball the opportunity of taking Mr. Keeley's former part of Sampson, and Mrs. Emden that of Marian, Mrs. Keeley's part. The one is a dullish lout who is brought to confess his love by a series of *tracasseries* of the other, and both parts were particularly suited to the Keeleys. In the present instance they do not fit so well, but Mrs. Emden came nearer to her predecessor than did Mr. Ball to his. There are, however, one or two good situations, and the audience, if not uproariously applaudive, were smilingly acquiescent. There is even a talk of this house closing at the end of the season for a few weeks, and if so, there will be more theatres shut than there have been for some years in London.

An event has come off which, though not strictly theatrical, is so closely connected with the drama, that it deserves a line of notice. Vauxhall Gardens, despite the dreadful sickness of old Father Thames, opened on Monday; but how are the mighty fallen! Where Beard and Vernon warbled the most genteel airs, Mr. Sam Cowell now reigns supreme. It is true the price of admission is a shilling, but so it is to the Crystal Palace. The only characteristic that remains intact is the wafery thinness of the slices of ham; and the carver who, when asked how many sandwiches he could cut off a ham replied that he did not know, but he would undertake to cover the entire gardens with three hams, has still a worthy successor. The trees maintain their majestic beauty, and "the Royal Property" retains when lighted up sufficient to awaken reminiscences of its long-lingering glory. As it is by far the oldest, it is also the most classical of our public gardens. It was eighty years old before its young sister, "Ranelagh," was born, and it has survived that beautiful but profligate relative upwards of half a century. It has seen the rise and ruin of its black-guard young rival, the Dog and Duck Gardens; and Mr. Ryelane's stately mansion has been built and pulled down, and old streets cover its site whilst this ancient pleasure still makes efforts to be gay and giddy. Evelyn and Pepys record its birth. It has probably been pressed by the red heel of the Merry Monarch; it certainly has known Rochester and his Comus rout. Pepys celebrates the nightingales and the Jew's harps, and the mad talk of Mr. Henry Killigrew—"but, Lord! it did make my heart ache." Still he went again, and alone, and saw more mad rakes seize on two ladies. He is troubled at the wickedness of the age, forgetting Mrs. Kepp for the nonce, and the flame-coloured petticoats that flattered him. Anon, a more noble and a more respectable frequenter appears in the grand walk—not the dark walk, for the trees were striplings—Sir Roger de Coverley, with decorous Addison and gay Dick Steele, ever lively, though tremulous now and then as to bailiffs. They are molested, not by the myrmidons of the law, but a brisk mask, who challenges them to a bottle of mead. Anon, in a few years, there is great rustling of silks and glistening of steel-hilted swords, and royalty in the person of the then Prince of Wales (1732), accompanied by a *troupe* of masks, dominoes, and disguises, who come stately by. The gardens now increase in sylvan beauty, and art adds to their lustre. Hogarth paints and Roubilliac sculpts for them. Heroes and heroines, as dear to us as any realities, now haunt these classic bowers. The fair Amelia and her husband Booth, with the Doctor and the children, arrive in two coaches; and you may see them all seated in the box, with young

Master Booth strutting away, in Mr. Dodd's admirable delineation in Harrison's edition of this veritable history. And, to follow up the shadowy visitors here, the high-minded Cecilia (Miss Barney's heroine), went with her dissolute guardian, and here at the height of the revelry he blew his silly brains out. The gay Lady Petersham—the sarcastic Walpole—the drunken Lord Granby—the ladies with their carmine cheeks, and the gentlemen with their flu-hel faces, looking "gloriously jolly and hand-ome"—bring us back to realities. They minced seven chickens into a brazier and fared sumptuously, and were attended to their barge with a band of French horns. But, notwithstanding their art, bravery, and jollity, they all pass away; and so do two other generations which bring us to the first quarter of the present century, when quality began to be shy of going. But still it was a jovial resort, and we ourselves once went with a party that filled sixteen hackney coaches, and were admitted by virtue of a silver ticket (not money), to the enormous astonishment of the check-taker. We also well remember the balloon mania, and Madame Saqui, flower shows, and bal masqués—until we come to Mr. Sam Cowell, "the muse of comedy," and to a prospect of a popular preacher on Sundays, as the gardens are to be legally opened on that day. What further vagaries the old lady may show when she arrives at her two-hundredth birthday we know not; but it is hoped she will survive the three years that will make her a double centenarian. We are obliged to Mr. Cowell or any one else who helps her to continue such a lasting piece of gaiety and pleasure, and trust that Old Father Thames will recover, and that the bone-boilers and other destroyers and enemies of the Royal Property will be removed, and that a handsome embankment and a purification of the river and the neighbourhood may give another hundred years to Fox-hall Gardens.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE Town Council of Edinburgh met on Monday to elect a professor of chemistry, in succession to the late Dr. William Gregory. The candidates were Dr. Anderson, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow; Dr. Blyth, King's College, Cork; Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B.; and Dr. Maxwell Simpson, Paris. Dr. Anderson and Dr. Playfair only were proposed. When the council divided, there voted for Dr. Lyon Playfair 25; for Dr. Anderson, 9; majority for Dr. Playfair 16. The result of the election was very generally anticipated.

The report of the Oxford University Commission just issued chiefly refers to the question of fellowships. The Commissioners have regarded it as an essential part of their duty to insure that fellowships shall be determined, generally, by the personal merits and fitness of the successful candidate, and not by accidents of birth or locality. They have therefore provided for the total abolition of such preferences, except in the case of two colleges, to which they were prepared to add St. John's, the peculiar circumstances of these colleges appearing to warrant a difference of constitution. The two in which preferences continue to exist are New College and Jesus College. It would appear that the authorities of St. John's College made a proposal, which the Commissioners refused, as calculated to secure to the college the odious character of a "close" institution. They accordingly adhered to their previous decision, which will be carried out.

The Archbishop of Canterbury gave his annual dinner at Lambeth Palace to the Stewards of the festival of the Sons of the Clergy on Wednesday.

The annual meeting for the election of Fellows into the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons took place on Wednesday, to elect a Fellow in the vacancy occasioned by the decease of Mr. Benjamin Travers. Mr. Alexander Shaw, surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, was elected. Mr. Shaw, the new councillor, is favourably known to the profession as the author, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, the late Sir Charles Bell, of some works on the nervous system and other professional subjects.

The council of the Ossianic Society met in Dublin on Monday, Wm. Smith O'Brien, Esq., in the chair, when six new members were elected.

According to the second annual report of the Birkenhead Free Public Library, it appears that out of 30,000 volumes which had been circulated only one was missing. During the year 41,300 works have been lent, novels and romances being in the greatest demand, the number during the year being 22,027. The institution is in a flourishing condition.

On Sunday evening a tea-drinking was held in the Town Hall, Salford, to inaugurate the Salford Working Men's College. From the statements of the chairman (Mr. Alderman Langworthy) and the other speakers, the institution appears to be in a very flourishing and efficient condition.

On Tuesday afternoon the distribution of prizes to the students in arts and laws at University College took place at the lecture theatre of the college, under the presidency of the Right Hon. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, M.P., supported by Lord Brougham, M. Louis Kossuth, Mr. George Grote, &c.

The annual distribution of prizes to the students of

the departments of general literature, applied sciences, and military science, at King's College, London, took place on Monday afternoon in the Great Hall of the Institution, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair. In the course of his address, Dr. Jelf, the Principal, said he mentioned with pride that among the first Chinese scholars sent out by the Government were King's College men, and at the present time the interpreter for Commissioner Yeh had been one of his students.

The Theological department of King's College, London, has just sustained a severe loss by the secession of Dr. Trench, the Dean of Westminster, who tendered his resignation of the chair of Divinity occupied by him at the close of the late Easter Term. Dean Trench was Professor of the New (Greek) Testament, and his lectures—remarkable for profound thought, elaborate research, and elegant scholarship—were thoroughly appreciated by his pupils. His successor is not yet spoken of.

The examination for the Tomline Prize terminated at Eton College on Wednesday, having commenced on Friday the 25th inst. Examiner, Mr. W. H. Besant, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Prizeman, Mozley, M. K. S. The elder brother of this young gentleman gained the same honour in 1856.

The only candidates for the Anglo-Saxon professorship in the University of Oxford—the Rev. Joseph Bosworth, D.D., of Christ Church, F.R.S., F.S.A., and the Rev. Frederick Metcalfe, B.D., Fellow of Lincoln College—were both Cambridge men, and have both been incorporated as members of the Oxford University.

The Assistant Preachership to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn has been conferred upon the Rev. John James Stewart Perowne, B.D., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, Lecturer on Divinity to King's College, London.

Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., recorder of Brighton and defender of Dr. Bernard, has offered three prizes of 5l. 5s., 3l. 3s., and 2l. 2s., respectively, for an essay on the following subject:—"Is a constitutional form of government adapted to the character and genius of the French nation?" The competition is to be open to all members of the Athenæum whose subscriptions commence on or before the 1st of July 1858.

The large sum raised by subscription for a testimonial to Mr. John Masterman, the retiring member for the City of London, has been disposed of in a very sensible manner: a small part of the 1500l. has been expended upon a candelabrum, which has been presented to Mr. Masterman, and with the remainder a scholarship in the City of London School has been founded, to be called "The Masterman Scholarship."

The first newspaper in North America was printed in Boston in 1690. Only one copy of that paper is known to be in existence. It was deposited in the State Paper Office in London, and is about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter-paper. It was stopped by the Government. The *Boston News Letter* was the first regular paper. It was issued in 1704, and was printed by John Allan, in Pudding-lane. The contents of some of the early numbers are very peculiar. It has a speech of Queen Anne to Parliament, delivered 120 days previously, and this was the latest news from England.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, whose singular peregrinations in barbarous regions have long occupied the public, has just found a pillow in the hospital of Hamburg, where Dr. Tengel is treating her for chronic ague caught at Madagascar.

The Paris correspondent of *The Times* having made some statements respecting the Paris Observatory, M. d'Abbadie, one of the members of that institution, addresses the following letter to the editor:—"Sir, —A friend has just now put into my hand your paper of the 19th inst., which contains, under the head of 'Foreign Intelligence,' a paragraph mentioning my name in connexion with the Paris Observatory. It is not strictly true that all the assistants of the late Arago separated from M. Leverrier; for the latter employed up to the time of his death M. Goujon, Arago's favourite assistant, and the distinguished astronomer M. Villard, first chosen by Arago, is still M. Leverrier's principal colleague. On the other hand, it is true that many years ago, when engaged on a scientific mission, I crossed the Atlantic with the present Emperor of the French, and that Napoleon III. has in no instance been unfaithful to those he knew when preparing himself through tolls of many sorts for his present career of might. But His Majesty is busy with the destinies of France, and I may add of Europe, while I, your humble servant, have ever been too engaged in scientific pursuits to show myself at the French Court. Indeed, I see no reason for my stepping into M. Leverrier's place, except your assertion and the quaint saying that 'coming events cast their shadow before;' yet, although I have never looked on *The Times* as a shadow, I confess I cannot, in the present instance, take it for a prophetic one. I remain very truly yours, ANTOINE D'ABBADIE, Correspondent de l'Institut.—Paris, June 26."

Disputes from Madrid state that the periodical *Press* is very violent in its condemnation of the columns of the *English* against Spain in reference to the treaties on the subject of the slave trade.

A leading St. Petersburg journal, *Vedomosti*, contains the following complimentary reference to Mr. Charles Dickens:—"To make our readers acquainted with the talent of Dickens, to point out the characteristic individuality of his excellent productions, to enlarge on the interest and the importance of his works,—all this would be unnecessary, would be quite superfluous. Who among us does not know the genius, who has not read the novels, of Dickens? There was a time when the Russian translators of foreign novels did almost nothing else than translate the charming productions of Boz. The journals and newspapers rivalled each other in being the first to communicate his last work. Every word he wrote was offered to the Russian reading community in five or six different periodicals, and as soon as the concluding part of each of his novels had appeared in England a variety of St. Petersburg and Moscow editions bore the fame of Dickens over all the east of Europe. In this way the Russian reading public has devoured every scrap of Dickens. With the sole exception of Walter Scott, none among the English novelists has enjoyed such an enormous and prolonged success with us as Dickens. If it seemed for a moment that Thackeray would obscure the fame of Dickens in Russia, it was only for a moment."

A wealthy Venetian, just dead, has left the large sum of 600,000l. (24,000l.) in trust to Count Cavour, to be by him applied to public instruction in Piedmont.

OBITUARY.

FRICKER, Mr., at his residence, in West-street-road, Boston, on Tuesday last. The deceased was the leading man of the Conservative party in Boston and being the proprietor and editor of the *Lincolnshire Herald*, its columns were constantly devoted to their cause.

SMITH, Mr. Joseph, the oldest member of the printing and publishing trade of Belfast, died on Sunday morning, at the age of eighty-four years. Mr. Smyth was born in county Derry, and came to Belfast in the year of the Irish rebellion of 1798. He was an active practitioner of the typographic art for upwards of half a century, and was the original printer and publisher of the "Belfast Almanac," which obtained a world-wide circulation.

COLE, Rev. Henry, D.D., on the 28th June, at 22, Oxford-road, Islington, aged 66. Mr. Cole was known as the Sunday Evening Lecturer of St. Mary Somerset, Upper Thames-street, and as Translator of Select Works of Martin Luther and Calvin.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Appleton's Cyclopedia of Drawing, 8vo. royal 8vo. 32s. cl.
Beaumont's Handbook of the British Flora, 8vo. 12s. cl.
Bibliotheca Classica, edit. by Long and Maclean:—
Euripides, with English Commentary by Paley, Vol. II. 8vo. 16s. cl.
Cicero's Orations, with Commentary by Long, Vol. IV. 8vo. 18s. cl.
Bohn's Historical Library: Pevny's Diary, edited by Lord Braybrooke, new edit. Vol. II. post 8vo. 5s. cl.
Bohn's Illustrated Library: Poet's Poetical Works, edited by Carver, new edit. Vol. II. post 8vo. 5s. cl.
Capell's Ivy Clare, a novel, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Chatterton's Religious Remains, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Colquhoun's Life in Italy and France in the Old Time, cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Colquhoun's Salmon Cuts and Stray Shots, fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Edinburgh Veterinary Review, No. I. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Edith, or, Life's Changes, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.
Eton College Atlas, Part I.: Physical Geography, imp. 8vo. 7s. 6d. hf-bd.
Fairbanks' History of the City of St. Augustine, Florida, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Faulkner's Elementary School Grammar, 18mo. 6d. cl.
Financial Reformer, No. 1, 4to. 8d. swd.
Forrest's Handbook of Swimming and Skating, 18mo. 6d. bds.
Garden Walks with the Poets, 18mo. 3s. cl. gilt.
Gatty's (Rev. A.) Twenty plain Sermons for Country Congregations, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Gatty's (Mrs. A.) Poor Incumbent, a tale, fcp. 8vo. 1s. swd.
Gore's Analysis of the 5th Book of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, 18mo. 4s. cl.
Harrison on the Greek Propositions, 4to. royal 8vo. 18s. cl.
Hogg's Ophthalmoscope, its Mode of Application, &c., post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Holland's Chapters on Mental Physiology, 2nd edit. cr. 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.
Johnson's Life, Health, and Disease, new edit. fcp. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Lesson on Pride, 18mo. 4d. swd.
Mills' History of British India, 5th edit. Vol. VIII. post 8vo. 6s. cl.
Morning Clouds, 2nd edit. fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Moxley's Short Account of the Ancient British Church, 12mo. 3s. cl.
Nelson's Guide to the Environs of London, 18mo. 1s. swd.
Nelson's Guide to Lakes, Bays, and Harbours, 18mo. 1s. swd.
Newland's Forest Life in Norway and Sweden, new edit. fcp. 8vo. 2s.
Parlour Library: Lister's Arlington, fcp. 8vo. 2s. bds.
Penbody's Christian Consolations, 4th edit. 12mo. 7s. cl.
Phillip's Tourist's Companion to the Counties of Scotland, with Atlas, 18mo. 3s. cl.; Atlas, separate, 2s. 6d.
Phillip's Pictorial, a Tractarian Love Story, 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 12s. cl.
Potter's Discourses, Charges, Addresses, &c., cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Railway Library: James's Locomotive, fcp. 8vo. 2s. bds.
Raney's Modern Art of Taming Wild Horses, fcp. 8vo. 8d. swd.
Ranking's Half-yearly Abstract of Medical Sciences, Vol. XXVII, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
Rathbone's Strawberry Girl, with other Thoughts, in verse, 8vo. 5s. cl.
Revised Manual of Family Prayers, partly after Dr. Bloomfield, 12mo. 2s. cl.
Rosa's Horse Taming made Easy, 18mo. 1s. cl.
Rouse's Practical Conveyancer, 2nd ed. enlarged, 2 vols. 8vo. 26s. cl.
Run and Read Library: Johnson's Nightshade, a tale, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Rural Dublin Society's Journal, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. cl.
Schmidt's History of Greece, 5th edit. cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Sharpe's London Magazine, Vol. XII, new series, royal 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
Smith's Practical Arithmetic for Senior Classes, answers to, 12mo. 6d. cl.
Smith's History of Wesleyan Methodism, Vol. II, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Snatcher's Life of Kane, and other American Explorers, cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Somerset's (Mrs. Col.) Adventures in Kaffraria during the War, cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Somerset's British Wild Flowers, Part I, col. royal 8vo. 3s. swd.
Stone's Priory, a Tale of the Nineteenth Century, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Templar's Religious Difficulty in National Education, 8vo. 6d. swd.
Titan, Vol. XXVI, January—June, 8vo. 16s. cl.
Troploe's Second Love, a novel, cheap ed. fcp. 8vo. 2s. bds.
Ulman's Sincerity of Jesus, translated, cr. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Useful Library: Edwards' History of France, fcp. 8vo. 1s. bds.
Wesley's Sermon—Williams on the Combination of Coal, 12mo. 3s. cl. swd.
Whewell's History of Scientific Ideas, 2nd edit. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 14s. cl.
Wile's Memoir in Testimony, post 8vo. 3s. cl.
Wilson's Tales of the Borders, new edit. Vol. XIV, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.
Winslow's (W.) Memoir: Life in Jesus, new edit. cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Winslow's (W.) Evening Thoughts, July—December, 18mo. 3s. cl.
Words for the Little Ones, by the Author of "Scriptural Instruction," &c., 18mo. 3s. cl.
Wylie's Chamber's Manual for Easter Cathedral, 2nd edit. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,
USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY.
AND PRONOUNCED BY HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS to be
THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED,
Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.

THE FORTY-SEVEN SHILLING SUITS
are made to order from Scotch, Heather, and Cheviot
Tweeds, all wool and thoroughly shrunken, by B. BENJAMIN,
Merchant Tailor, 74, Regent-street, W.
The Two-guinea Frock and Dress Coats, the Guinea Dress
Trousers, and the Half-guinea Waistcoats,
N.B. A perfect fit guaranteed.

SYDENHAM SUIT, complete for 43s. 6d.,
comprising Trousers, 17s. 6d.; Lounging Coat, 17s. 6d.;
Waistcoat, 8s. 6d. The Coat of elegant black or fancy Melton
cloth; the Trousers and Waistcoat to match, of the best light
West of England woolen and wool and silk cloths.

SYDENHAM SCHOLAR'S SUIT, complete
for 55s., Coat, Waistcoat and Trousers all to match,
of the best West of England fancy cloths, or in different
patterns if preferred. Selection from upwards of 1000 patterns.

SYDENHAM SUMMER OVERCOAT,
of elegant Melton cloth, 21s., gracefully adjusted to the
figure and finished in a superior manner.

SYDENHAM ALPACA OVERCOATS,
12s. 6d., light, pleasant and serviceable for summer wear,
and made with a degree of care hitherto unprecedented in the
trade.—SAMPLER BROTHERS, 29, Ludgate-hill.

THE CHANCERY SUIT complete for
55s., or the Trousers 12s. This novel, lasting, and
elegant Suit is pronounced unequalled for promenade or
lounge; produced in Scotch and other woolen textures of the
most approved patterns. To be had only of the inventors,
PHILLIPS and SAMSON, Merchant Tailors and Professed
Trousers Makers, 40, High Holborn, opposite Chancery-lane.

THE Guinea Waterproof Sleeve Cape
in every colour. Black cloth dress and frock coats
from two to three guineas. Black dress trousers, one guinea.
A good fit guaranteed. The department for trousers and
waistcoats is replete with every novelty of the season at
moderate prices.—Observe the sign, the number, 40, High Holborn,
opposite Chancery-lane. Established 1829.

WATER BEDS, MATTRESSES, and
CUSHIONS, for Bed Rooms, as recommended by the
Faculty, may be had on the shortest notice from the sole
Manufacturer, HOOPER, 55, Grosvenor-street, Bond-street.

GALVANIC BELT, without Acids, for
the Cure of DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA,
NEURALGIA in all its forms, Inactivity of the Liver, or
Sluggish Circulation. From the constant demand the price is
reduced: former 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s., &c.
Mr. W. P. PROCTOR is to be consulted daily, from 10 a.m. to 4
p.m., at 16, Argyll-street, Regent-street.—The Galvanic Belts,
for extracting mineral poisons and the cure of cutaneous dis-
eases.—Post orders payable as above, or at the Galvanic Belt
Depot, 523, New Oxford-street.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!!!
GODFREY'S EXTRACT of ELDER
FLOWERS is strongly recommended for softening,
improving, beautifying, and preserving the skin, and giving it
a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely
remove tan, sunburn, redness, &c., and by its balsamic and
healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from
dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption,
and by continuing its use only the skin will
become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion
perfectly clear and beautiful. Sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d.,
by all medicine vendors and perfumers.

BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.
WILLIAM S. BURTON has SIX LARGE SHOW-
ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY
of Lamps, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each
is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted
to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those
that have tended to make his establishment the most distin-
guished in this country.

Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d. to £50 0s. each.
Shower Baths, from 8s. 6d. to 6s. each.
Lamps (Moderators) from 1s. 6d. to 7s. each.
(All other kinds at the same rate.)
Pure Colza Oil, 4s. 3d. per gallon.

TEA URNS, of LONDON MAKE ONLY.
The largest assortment of London-made TEA URNS
in the world (including all the recent novelties, many of which
are registered) is on SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S,
from 30s. to 50s.

CUTLERY, WARRANTED.—The most
varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world,
all warranted, is ON SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S,
at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness
of the sales. 12-inch ivory-handled knives, with high
shoulders, 12s. 6d. per dozen; dessert sets to match, 10s.; if to
balance, 6d. per dozen extra; carvers, 4s. 3d. per pair; larger
sizes, from 20s. to 27s. 6d. per dozen; extra fine ivory, 28s.;
if with silver ferrules, 40s. to 50s.; white bone table knives, 6s.
per dozen; dessert sets, 5s.; carvers, 2s. 3d. per pair; black bone
table knives, 7s. 4d. per dozen; dessert sets, 6s.; carvers, 2s. 6d.;
black wood-handled table knives and forks, 6s. per dozen;
table steels, from 1s. each. The largest stock in existence of
plated dessert knives and forks, in cases and otherwise, and of
the new plated fish carvers.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL
FURNISHING IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE may
be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of 400
illustrations of his limited stock of Electro and Sheffield
Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal goods, Dish Covers,
and Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Mantelpieces,
Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Urns and Kettles,
Tea Trays, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths and Toilet Ware,
Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed Hangings,
&c., with Lists of Prices, and Plans of the Sixteen large Show
Rooms, at
39, Oxford-street (W.); 1, 1A, 2, and 3, Newman-street; and
4, 5, and 6, Perry's-place, London. Established 1829.

NATURE versus ART.—People have for
centuries been afflicted with bald heads, and the only
remedy hitherto known has been an adaptation of false hair;
yet there can scarcely be one who would not willingly ex-
change the most cunning specimen of art for nature's own
adorment. To such D'ALTEMBERG'S ORIENTAL OIL
is earnestly recommended as a PERFECT RESTORATIVE,
even in cases of the most inveterate baldness; it is also a cer-
tain promoter of the rapid and strong growth of whiskers and
moustaches; for the improvement of the hair under any cir-
cumstances, and for keeping it in good condition, the Oriental
Oil stands unrivalled.—Sold by all chemists and perfumers,
and by D'ALTEMBERG and Co., 38a, Lamb Lane, Court-street,
London, at 2s. 6d. per bottle; by post 12 stamps extra.

This day is published, the Second Thousand, in 8vo. cloth lettered, price 8s.

BRITISH INDIA in its RELATION to the DECLINE of HINDOOISM and the PROGRESS of CHRISTIANITY. Containing Remarks on the Support which the British Government has afforded to the Superstition of the People; on Education, and the Medium through which it should be given. By the Rev. WM. CAMPBELL, Missionary.

London: JOHN SNOW, Paternoster-row.

Just published, in post 8vo. cloth lettered, 6s. 6d.
JOSIAH CONDER: A Memoir. By EUSTACE R. CONDER, M.A.

"The memoir of Josiah Conder is the history of a man devoted to the noblest department of literary labour. There are thousands who will anticipate a rich treat from the perusal of this volume, nor will they be disappointed."—*British Mothers' Journal*.

London: JOHN SNOW, Paternoster-row.

This day is published, in foolscap 8vo., price 3s. cloth.
GENESIS and GEOLOGY: a Reconciliation of the Two Records. By the Rev. GEORGE WIGHT.

London: JOHN SNOW, Paternoster-row.

Fourth Edition.
Just published, in 8vo., cloth lettered, price 8s. 6d.
ELEMENTS of MENTAL and MORAL SCIENCE. By the Rev. GEORGE PAYNE, LL.D.

London: JOHN SNOW, Paternoster-row.

SPAIN, &c.—Price 1s.
LETTERS from the PENINSULA, ITALY, &c. By EDWARD WILKEY, Author of "Wanderings in Germany," &c.
"Pleasant—thoughtful—observant."—*Critic*.
"For a tourist we strongly recommend."—*Era*.
"Will well repay perusal."—*John Bull*.

London: EPHRAIM WILSON, All Booksellers.

This day, No. II.—July. Price 1s.
MELIORA.—CONTENTS:—1. Paterson, Founder of the Bank of England.—**2.** Consolidation and Amendment of the Statute Law.—**3.** How shall we Dispose of our Dead?—**4.** Homer: his translators and Commentators.—**5.** The Social Power of the Pulpit.—**6.** Popular Art-Education.—**7.** Temperance in History.—**8.** Our Friends in Council.—**9.** Record of Social Politics.—**10.** Literary Reviews.

London: PARKER and Co.

Just published, Fifth Edition, in cloth, price 3s.
ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS; Illustrating the Theory, Practice, and Application of the Science of Free or Frictional Electricity; containing the Methods of Making and Managing Electrical Apparatus of every Description, with numerous Engravings. By G. W. FRANCIS, F.R.S., Author of "Chemical Experiments," &c. J. ALLEN, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row. D. FRANCIS, 24, Mile-end-road; and all Booksellers.

A BOOK FOR EVERY FAMILY AND EVERY SCHOOL.
Second Edition, price 2s. 6d.
ALL ABOUT IT; or, THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY of COMMON THINGS.

"We have here an admirable little book, full of careful and interesting instruction, set forth in the best possible manner; that is to say simply, comprehensively, and with the aid of a complete index."—*Leader*.
London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co. Edinburgh: J. MENZIES. Dublin: W. ROBERTSON. Norwich: J. FLETCHER.

Price 5s. each.
LIVING CELEBRITIES.—A Series of PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS, by MAULL and POLYBLANK. The Number for JULY contains LORD STANLEY, M.P.

With Memoir.
MAULL and POLYBLANK, 55, Gracechurch-street, and 187A, Piccadilly; and W. KENT and Co., Fleet-street.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ART-JOURNAL for JULY, price 2s. 6d., is illustrated with the following Photographic Pictures:—

1. A Portrait of the Very Rev. Richard C. Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster.
2. A View of the New Suspension Bridge at Battersea.
3. A Stereoscopic View of the same.
4. A Stereoscopic View of the Scene of Gray's Elegy, Stoke Poges.

WILLIAM LAY, King William-street, Strand.

On 1st July, No. XI., New Series, price 3s. 6d.
THE JOURNAL of PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE. Edited by FORBES WINSLOW, M.D., D.C.L., Oxon.

- CONTENTS:
1. An Exposition of Brown Séguard's Views on the Physiology and Pathology of the Nervous System.
 2. On the Causes of Idiocy.
 3. On Suicide.
 4. On the Causes of Insanity.
 5. Paralysis of the Insane.
 6. Autobiography of a Drunkard.
 7. Singular Case of Insanity, and with.
 8. Psychology of Kant.

London: JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington-street.

THE LONDON REVIEW: a Quarterly Journal of Literature, Science, and Theology. No. XX. July 1858. Price 6s.

- CONTENTS:
1. Inspiration of Scripture.—Current Theories.
 2. Lover's Lyrics of Ireland.
 3. Points in English Grammar.
 4. Sacred Typology.
 5. Volcanoes.
 6. German Lutheranism.
 7. Novels by the Author of "The Heir of Redcliffe."
 8. Buddhism.
 9. Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.

Brief Literary Notices.
London: ALEXANDER HETLIN, 28, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Part II, July.—Price 5d.; Weekly, 1d.
TOWN TALK: an Illustrated Journal of Gossip; containing the following Cartoons:—The Cant of Charity—Jack and the Giant Joint-Stock—The "Hands" that Embroider Fashion's Mantle—Poor Jack—Robbery! Two Phases—Naples: a Possible Event—On the Look Out! Together with Pen and Ink Portraits and Graphic Sketches of W. M. Thackeray, Albert Smith, and Shirley Brooks; all the "Talks" of London Life—Poor Poppleton—and the Opinions of Mr. John Grundy.

"A New Tale, 'The Honour of the Family,' by the Author of those eminently successful Adelphi Plays, 'The Poor Strangers,' 'Joseph Chavigny,' &c., commences in No. X.

Price One Penny Weekly.
Office: 122, Fleet-street, London; and all Railway Platforms, Booksellers, and Newsmen.

HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS.

The OXONIAN in THEE-MARKEN; or, Notes of Travel in South-Western Norway, in the Summers of 1856-7; with Glances at the Legendary Lore of that District. By the Rev. F. METCALFE, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, Author of "The Oxonian in Norway," &c. 2 vols., with Illustrations, 21s.
"This new book is as lively as its predecessor—its matter is as good, or better. The intermixture of legends and traditions with the notes of travel adds to the real value of the work, and of course strengthens its claim on a public that desires to be amused."—*Examiner*.

MEMOIRS of RACHEL. 2 vols. post 8vo., with fine Portrait, 21s. bound.
"A book sure to attract public attention, and well meriting it."—*Globe*.
"A most able and interesting book."—*Chronicle*.
"The deep interest felt in the life of so great a dramatic genius will secure for these volumes a large and cultivated circle of readers."—*San*.

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS of the LAST FOUR POPES. 1 vol. 8vo., with Portraits, 21s. bound.

The COUNTESS of BONNEVAL: Her LIFE and LETTERS. By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.
"The whole work forms one of those touching stories which create a lasting impression."—*Athenæum*.

MR. ATKINSON'S TRAVELS in ORIENTAL and WESTERN SIBERIA, CHINESE TARTARY, and CENTRAL ASIA, &c. With Fifty beautiful Illustrations, from the Author's Original Drawings. 2l. 2s.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN. By the Author of "John Halifax." 10s. 6d.
JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. Third Edition, 1 vol., 10s. 6d.

NOVELS and NOVELISTS, from ELIZABETH to VICTORIA. By J. C. JEAFFRESON. 2 vols. With Portraits. [Just ready.]

MR. TUPPER'S NEW WORK.—RIDES and REVERIES of ÆSOP SMITH. By MARTIN F. TUPPER. 10s. 6d.

THE NEW NOVELS.

THE REIGNING BEAUTY. By LADY CHATTERTON, Author of "Life and its Realities," &c. 3 vols.

The LIGHT of OTHER DAYS. By JOHN EDMUND READE. 3 vols.
"A novel totally out of the common, admirably written, and full of character. We heartily recommend it."—*Leader*.
"The public will peruse this novel with unfeigned pleasure; for a more original or more instructive work—to say nothing of the interest of the fiction which forms its foundation—has not for many years emanated from the press."—*Observer*.

THE POOR RELATION. By Miss PARDOE. 3 vols.
"The very best novel which Miss Pardoe has ever written."—*Messenger*.
"The 'Poor Relation' is considerably superior to most of the fictions of the day."—*San*.

HECKINGTON. By Mrs. GORE.
"A valuable prize to readers in search of a clever novel. The heroine is charming. The sketches of 'the officials' are all admirable—such as only Mrs. Gore can sketch them—life-like and spirited. Diamond dust is plentifully sprinkled over the pages in the shape of little epigrams and spirited phrases."—*Athenæum*.

THE TWO BROTHERS. By the Author of "The Discipline of Life," &c. 3 vols.
"The best of Lady Emily Ponsonby's novels."—*John Bull*.

ONE-AND-TWENTY. By the Author of "Wildflower," &c. 3 vols.

RUMOUR. By the Author of "Charles Auchester." 3 vols. [Just ready.]

Just published, cloth, 12s.
THE CLERICAL DIRECTORY: a BIOGRAPHICAL and STATISTICAL BOOK of REFERENCE for all facts relating to the CLERGY and the CHURCH. Compiled by the Conductors of the "Clerical Journal."

"The Clerical Directory is a kind of biographical encyclopedia of the Church, giving an outline of the scholastic, literary, and ecclesiastical lives of all who hold office therein. That it has been in every particular compiled with the most scrupulous care we can have no doubt; and there can be little doubt, also, that it will at once take its place in the library as the standard book of reference in relation to the clergy."—*Morning Herald*.
"This is certainly a most comprehensive and useful work of reference, as regards the clergy and the Church. The labour of bringing together the facts relative to the position, title, works, &c., of nearly 19,000 clergymen, must have been immense. By the help of the index, the name of each clergyman is readily found; yet that labour will be undoubtedly lessened by an alphabetical arrangement, which the editors promise for next year, and which they were only prevented from effecting this year, through the necessity which existed for printing the information received as fast as it came to hand. Every clergyman, and indeed every person taking an interest in the statistics of the Church, should be in possession of this work."—*Freemason's Magazine*.
London: JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

Just published, in 4to. cloth, illustrated, price 24s.
VOL. XVI. of the ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. Eighth Edition, bringing the work down to the article "Ornithology."
Edinburgh: A. and C. BLACK. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co.

Just published, in 8vo., price 12s. 6d.
DR. GLOVER on the MINERAL WATERS of GREAT BRITAIN and the CONTINENT: containing Descriptions of their Physical and Medicinal Properties, with Directions for their Use. Illustrated by Copper-plates and Woodcuts.
London: HENRY KENSHAW, 356, Strand.

CATHEDRA PETRI.—NEW VOLUME. In 8vo. (570 pages), price 14s. in cloth.
THE SECOND VOLUME of CATHEDRA PETRI: a Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Books III., IV., and V. (or Vol. II.), from the close of the Fifth to the middle of the Ninth Century. By T. GREENWOOD, Esq., M.A., Barrister-at-Law.
* Vol. I., or Books I. and II., 8vo. cloth, 12s.
London: C. J. STEWART, 11, King William-street, Strand, W.C.

Now ready.
NEW PROBATE COURT PRACTICE, with all the Rules, Forms, and full Instructions, and Decided Cases, By E. W. GROOMER, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Copyholds Act," &c. Price 7s. 6d. cloth.
LAW TIMES Office, 29, Essex-street.

FOR THE USE of MAGISTRATES.
Just published.
A SECOND EDITION of the PRACTICE of MAGISTRATES' COURTS. By T. W. SAUNDERS, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Containing the Practice under the Summary Jurisdiction in Larceny, and the Practice in Appeals under the new Act, with Forms and full Instructions. Price 12s. cloth.
LAW TIMES Office, 29, Essex-street.

Just published, fcp. 8vo. cloth, 2s.
THE PRACTICAL NATURALIST'S GUIDE, containing Instructions for Collecting, Preparing, and Preserving Specimens in all departments of Zoology. By J. B. DAVIES, Assistant Conservator in Natural History Museum, Edinburgh.
Edinburgh: MACLEACHLAN and STEWART. London: SIMPKIN and Co.

SPORTING QUARTERS for 1858.—No. III. of the LONDON LIST of SPORTING QUARTERS, VACANT and WANTED, will be ready on Tuesday next, post free for two stamps; or the whole of the Lists for the season 1858 for One Shilling.
Offices, 2 to 5, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C.

BEAUTIFUL POETRY; the Choicest of the Present and the Past, designed to preserve for future reading all that is worthy of preservation. A number on the 1st of each month. A volume completed yearly.
Vols. I. to V. may be had, price 2s. 6d. each; or superly bound for prizes and presents, 7s. 6d.
CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

Third Thousand, price 1s., post free.
HOW TO PUBLISH: a Manual for Authors.—CONTENTS: Preliminary Remarks—Writing a Manuscript—Selection of a Title—Choice of a Publisher—Modes of Publishing—Publishing on Commission—Value of a Manuscript—Illustrations—Copyright—Choice of size—Paper—Printing—Stereotyping—Binding—Advertising—When to Publish—Reprinting—Price—Reviewing—Messrs. Partridge and Co.'s Terms of Publishing—Specimens of Type and Size—Specimens of Woodcuts, &c.
London: PARTRIDGE and Co., Paternoster-row.

DENTAL REVELATIONS. Just published, price 3s. 6d.; by post 3s. 10d.

THE EFFECT of SEPTIC INHALATIONS on the LUNGS and HEALTH, having reference to a compendious of Artificial Teeth which obviates all impure emanations, and secures health and comfort to the wearer. Made and supplied only by the Author, DONALDSON MACKENZIE, Surgeon-Dentist, 21A, Saville-row, W.
London: JOHN CHURCHILL.

Now ready, Second Edition, 2s. 6d.; by post for 32 stamps.
DISEASES of the SKIN: a Guide to their Treatment and Prevention. With a Chapter on Ulcers of the Leg. By THOMAS HUNT, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

"Mr. Hunt has transferred these diseases from the incurable class to the curable."—*Lancet*.
London: CHURCHILL, 11, New Burlington-street.

Just published, price 1s. (by post, free, for 14 stamps).
DEBILITY and NERVOUSNESS: a complete Essay on the Secret Cause of these distressing Disorders; showing the advantages of the use of the Microscope in detecting, by scientific examination, the causes which commonly lead to its occurrence, the symptoms which indicate its presence, and the means to be adopted for its cure. By SAMUEL LA MERT, M.D., 37, Bedford-square, London.

J. ALLEN, 20, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row; and from the Author, who may be consulted at his residence from 11 o'clock till 2, and from 6 till 8.

NEW WORK on BRITISH PLANTS. Now ready, Part I. of
BRITISH WILD FLOWERS. Illustrated by J. E. SOWERBY. Described, with a Key to the Natural Orders, by C. PIERPONT JOHNSON. To be completed in Twenty Parts, each containing 4 Plates, or 80 Figures and Descriptions. Price, coloured, 3s.; plain, 1s. 6d. per Part. The entire Work will comprise about 1600 Figures, and form one volume. Prospectuses and specimens may be had through all Booksellers, or of the Publisher, JOHN E. SOWERBY, 4, Mead-place, Lambeth, S.

Just published, price 6s.
A CONCISE and EASY SYSTEM of BOOK-KEEPING for SOLICITORS, &c., which has been in use for nearly fifty years in the offices of some of the most respectable firms in London, and superintended by the Author during the greater portion of that period; to which are added, Observations on Single and Double Entry, and the General Principles of Book-keeping; Remarks on the History of Accounts and Book-keeping, and an Explanatory Introduction; together with an Exposition of Commercial and Monetary Terms; Notes on the Subject of Costs, Accounts, Interest, &c.; and various useful memoranda. By WILLIAM MACKENZIE, Solicitor.
LAW TIMES Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

LONDON: Printed by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 10, Park-road, Hampstead (N.Y.), in the County of Middlesex, at his Printing-office, 11, Princes-street, New Turret in the parish of St. Giles, Bloomsbury, and published by the said JOHN CROCKFORD, at 29, Essex-street, Strand (W.C.), in the City of Westminster, on Saturday, July 3, 1858.—All communications and orders to be addressed to 29, ESSEX-STREET, STRAND, London (W.C.)

1858.

Price 24s.
OPÆDIA
ing the work
MMPKIN.

GENERAL
the CONTI-
d and Medi-
Illustrated

d.
E.

HEDRA
Latin Patri-
om the close
ury. By T.

, 12s.
Strand, W.C

ACTICE,
uctions, and
ster-at-Law,
d. cloth.

s.

ACTICE
AUNDERS,
e under the
e in Appeals
ona. Price

ALISTS
ecting, Pre-
artments of
servator in
ondon:

1858.—
NG QUAR-
on Tuesday
he Lists for

.W.C.

hoicest of
re for future
mber on the

or superbly

.C.

ual for
ks.—Writing
Publisher—
Value of a
size.—Paper
g.—When to
s. Partridge
pe and Size

ruw.

Oct.

HALA-
ing reference
s all impure
the wearer.
NALDSON
W.

52 stamps,
e to their
er on Ulcers
geon to the
et, Fitzroy-
he incurable

street.
tampe).

ESS: a
distressing
the Micro-
the causes
tons which
for its cure.
quare, Lon-

nd from the
n 11 o'clock

ustrated
Key to the
To be com-
90 Figure
d. per Part
s, and form
y be had

, S.

TEM of
which has
ome of the
nded by the
: to which
ry, and the
the History
tory Intro-
mercial and
Accounts
WILLIAM

d.

oad, Hamp-
ng-office, 14,
Blossomary-
street, Strand
y 3, 1858.—
9, 1858.